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SPAIN ACCEDES TO OUR DEMANDS.

Cannoneer Robeson. "I'm glad she does, Ma'am. Suppose I may draw this Charge now?"
Columbia. "Hm—m, no; we'll let it stay till after Christmas."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

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THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

ON the day that WILLIAM M. TWEED, the late master of the Democratic party in New York, was sent to the Penitentiary, FERNANDO WOOD, of whom TWEED might well have taken lessons in political morality, was nominated by the Democratic Congressional caucus as the Democratic candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives, and received, when the House organized, seventy-seven of the eighty-one Democratic votes cast. Mr. WOOD was nominated in the caucus by Mr. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania, a Democratic protectionist and "salary-grabber;" and when Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, proposed that the Democratic party should not justify the "grab" in any manner, Mr. RANDALL and other Democratic leaders so fell upon him and rent him, sustained by the action of the caucus, that Mr. HOLMAN and Mr. COX withdrew. The Republican caucus, on the contrary, representing a majority of one hundred and seven in the House, on the first evening of the session declared for the unconditional repeal of the increased salary law, and appointed a committee to prepare a new bill upon the subject.

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD'S political character and career are as notorious as those of TWEED. It is asserted that he was not a "grabber." The truth is that he was absent from the House when the final vote upon the "grab" was taken, but upon BUTLER'S motion to reconsider the vote by which, on the 28th of February, the "grab" amendment was lost, Mr. WOOD voted with BUTLER, and when the bill was passed he took the money, and has kept it. His nomination and the contemptuous refusal of the caucus to condemn the "grab" merely confirm what we, in common with others, have constantly said, that the Democratic party represents no principle, no policy, except plunder, and is a sheer impertinence in our politics. Its success at various points in the autumn elections was wholly negative; and if there were any expectation in any mind that the Democratic party could possibly become an organization to which honest men might look for reform and progress, the opening scenes in Congress have utterly dispelled it. The party made fine pretensions before the election. Its Pennsylvania Convention refused to choose a "grabber" for its chairman. But, as we showed at the time, the "grabber" was nominated by the party managers, who, to satisfy public clamor, had prepared resolutions denouncing the "grab." The Democratic Convention in New York ostracized Mr. KINSELLA, whose offense in the matter, however, was less than that of FERNANDO WOOD; for while like him he took the money, he not only did not vote upon the final passage of the bill, but he also did not vote, as WOOD did, for the reconsideration which secured the "grab." The value of these autumnal Democratic performances is shown by the action of the leaders in Washington.

And this is the party action. The immediate and highest party authority in our politics is the National Convention. But next to that, and permanent, is the body of party Representatives in Congress, which was the predecessor of the Convention. This body has done precisely what the shrewdest Republicans anticipated. Give a thief rope enough, says the proverb, and he will hang himself. "The court of Rome," says WILLIAM GODWIN, "reposed with a generous confidence upon the folly and blindness of mankind." It was clear to sagacious observers that the Democratic party, which has no root whatever in principles or policy, or even in a sentiment, nor even a cunning leadership, nor the sense, or wish, or power to procure it, but which stupidly pursues the phantoms of twenty years ago, would be so heady and puffed with its seeming success in the elections that it would seize the first opportunity to prove that the apparent light in its eyes was mere phosphorescence. But the most audacious of those observers did not dare to hope that its Representatives in Congress would sneer at the repeal of the "grab," and nominate FERNANDO WOOD for Speaker. The only wonder left is that they did not pass a resolution of condolence with TWEED.

This ridiculous and natural action of the Democratic party will not, we hope, blind the Republican leaders to their immense responsibility. They have an enormous majority, and the situation of the country is grave, if not critical. The national revenues are falling below the expenses, and there are formidable designs upon the Treasury. Events have led many thoughtful men to a distrust of the tendency of affairs, which was shown by the reduced Republican vote at the elections. There is, therefore, a great political army of observation, whose action will depend upon that of Congress. If the bright beginning of the caucus and of the Senate upon the salary bill shall be the harbinger of the economy, honesty, and intelligence of the general policy to be pursued, more than MONROE'S era of good feeling will return to the country under Republican auspices. We hope that those leaders will not forget that it is not the duty of the friendly press to praise and defend all that is proposed and done in Congress. The press is not only very much nearer public opinion than Congress, but it helps much more than Congress to form it. The intelligent suggestions and the stringent criticisms of the press, therefore, should not be regarded as hostile or disorganizing. Party discipline is good, but intelligent patriotism is better. The press was certainly both wiser and more patriotic than Congress in regard to the salary bill; and the Republicans who opposed it at the time, and have exposed it since, and demanded its repeal, have not been less serviceable to the party than those who held with the Republican BUTLER and the Democrat RANDALL that the opposition was mere clamor and demagogism.

THE MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President was expected with unusual interest, and proved to be characteristically plain, direct, and candid. It could not be altogether encouraging, because he had to say that the effective force of the Navy had been put in readiness for warlike service, and that the present expenses of the Government are larger than its receipts. But the President urges economy, and does not repeat the recommendations of last year of a vast system of internal improvements. He speaks in very forcible terms of the condition of Cuba, and stigmatizes the "Casino"—not, of course, by name—in a manner to which the manifesto of the Casino, published here the day after the Message, seems a fiery response. The universal sentiment of this country is in accord with the President upon this subject. It is the highest tribute to the sincerity of the Cuban insurrection, now in its sixth year, that the prolonged and immitigable ferocity of Spanish warfare has not yet subdued it. Of the questions arising from the seizure of the *Virginius* the President speaks very temperately and satisfactorily, and a reasonable, humane, and peaceful settlement of this difficulty would rank with that of the *Alabama* question as among the true glories of this Administration.

It is upon the financial portion of the Message that there will be, of course, the most difference of opinion, because finance is the subject upon which every man is dogmatic and intolerant. And it is in this part of the Message also that one of the practical defects of our method of government becomes apparent. At a moment of such gravity, which involves the whole business and financial system of the country in doubt and peril, universal attention is turned to the power whose action chiefly controls the situation. If Congress act wisely, the future is secure. If otherwise, the most serious results must be apprehended. Now the action of Congress will depend upon the party which holds every branch of administration, and it would be most satisfactory could the policy of the party have been announced at the opening of Congress. We do not mean the precise details of measures, but their general scope and purpose. In a crisis like this, for instance, in England, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the financial chief of administration, would come down to the House of Commons with a budget in which the policy of the government would be declared, and if the administration party had a majority like that of the Republicans in this Congress, every man in the kingdom would know what to expect.

But now, although the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have spoken, nobody can say even what the tendency of the Republican policy will be. We are not complaining; we merely state the fact. It is evident that if it were known that the recommendations of the President and Secretary foreshadowed the direction of Congressional action, the public mind would have at least a point of departure. This could be accomplished, however, only by a concert which is possible to a cabinet and Parliament like the English, but is not so to our system. The recommendations to Congress of the President and the Secretary are like suggestions of the newspapers. They may or may not find favor. If they do not, nothing happens. In England, if the administration policy is not approved the administration goes out of power. Yet the concert of which we speak is impracticable here. The President, when he writes his Message, does not know who is to be Speaker. The Speaker, when elected, has to appoint the Committee of Ways and Means and its chairman, and to this committee financial bills are committed. An authoritative declaration of policy is impossible. We can have only an expression of opinion. And therefore, after having presented his views in some detail, the President ends by saying that the decisions of Congress upon the subject, whatever they may be, will have his hearty support.

The President declares his emphatic belief that we shall have no permanent prosperity until a specie basis is reached, a view in which he agrees with all sensible men. But this, he thinks, is impossible so long as the balance of trade is against us. Yet, as what is called a balance of trade in our favor is not to be expected with the present irredeemable currency, his condition postpones resumption indefinitely. In regard to inflation the Message is not so clear as we had hoped it would be. The President expresses distrust of certain plans as tending to inflation, but he also speaks of "undue inflation," as if due inflation were permissible, and might supply that "elasticity" in the currency which he so much desires. Fortunately the Secretary of the Treasury reminds us that increase of the United States legal tenders is absolutely impossible under existing laws and the pledged public faith. We wish that the President, since he ends by leaving all details to Congress, had merely stated strongly his conviction that those measures should look to the definite resumption of specie payments, and that every kind of inflation and expansion should be avoided. This is evidently his wish, but the expression becomes confused and doubtful among the various suggestions that he makes.

Yet, as we said, every man is very tenacious of his financial views, and the President states his with every other citizen. It does not follow that Congress will adopt them, nor does he ask it. He says expressly that they are submitted for consideration, not as recommendations. There are other points of the Message to which we shall return.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

THE selection of Chief Justice of the United States, which is the most important and dignified post to which the President nominates, is not a difficult task; for the kind of man who should be selected is plainly determined, and the number of such men is very small. He should be not only a learned lawyer, but a man whose intellectual grasp and insight raise him above the mere literal and technical limits of his profession, and who is therefore fitted to deal ably with all public interests. Such a man will usually be known to the country, and not as a lawyer only. This was true of JAY, of ELLSWORTH, of MARSHALL, and of CHASE. The appointment of TANEY by President JACKSON was the reward of faithful political service. He had been Attorney-General, and was put into the Treasury to remove the deposits; but he had nothing of the kind of public reputation shared by all the other Chief Justices. Judge STORY was the man who should have succeeded MARSHALL.

That the nomination of Mr. WILLIAMS greatly surprised the country is indisputable. There can, however, be no question of his ability or of his character. He was bred a lawyer. He has been a judge in Oregon, a Senator of the United States, one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Washington, and Attorney-General of the United States. In all these positions he has served creditably; and he is a man of such vigorous mind and strong will, so well grounded a lawyer, and so informed by his official experience of the practice in the Supreme Court, that there is no reasonable doubt of his adequate discharge of the great duty to which he has been called. It may truly be said of him that he takes his seat without the fatal suspicion that attended Mr. CHASE of a restless desire of the Presidency, or the universal conviction that followed Mr. TANEY into the same seat that he owed it to his servility to the President. Nor does any one who knows him doubt that in ascending the bench he leaves political aspiration behind, and will henceforth hold his great predecessors, JAY and MARSHALL, in view as the inspiration of his conduct and career.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT.

IT is the instinct of an honorable man to disregard slander. He feels that with those who know him his character is as powerful as his word, and to the most clamorous calumny he therefore opposes silence. But to a public man this is not always permitted. Slander may take such a form as to compel notice and refutation. And this is the position in which Judge-Advocate-General HOLT has found himself, and which has necessitated his recent "Vindication" and "Rejoinder." Such publications are undoubtedly more distasteful to him than to any one else, but the most obvious duty is often extremely disagreeable. In this case it was honorably unavoidable, and it has been most conclusively performed.

Soon after the execution of the assassins of President LINCOLN it was stated upon the authority of President JOHNSON that Judge HOLT had withheld from him the recommendation of five members of the court to commute the sentence of Mrs. SURRATT. To those who know Judge HOLT such a charge was simply monstrous. When it became well known to him not only as a private calumny, but as a charge malignantly and persistently made in party newspapers, his position was perplexing. No one had been present when he laid the final papers in the case before Mr. JOHNSON, and it was Mr. JOHNSON who made the charge. It seemed to be, therefore, a mere question of veracity, without evidence. Had Judge HOLT demanded a court of inquiry, the President would have appointed the court, he would have appeared as accuser and witness, and would finally have decided upon the finding of the court. But knowing the President's total want of truth in making the charge, Judge HOLT could not be so mad as to recognize him as the final judge in the case. There was no course left for him but to await some positive proof, if it should happily exist, and meanwhile to collect circumstantial evidence, which, however, he knew could not in such a case be conclusive. It was not until this year that he ascertained the existence of conclusive evidence, of which he possessed himself as rapidly as possible, and which he published in August.

Mr. JOHN A. BINGHAM, who was special Judge-Advocate for the United States in the trial, states that he drew the petition for Mrs. SURRATT, and called the attention of Secretary STANTON to it before the final action of the President; that after the execution he saw the petition attached to the record in the case; that soon after he asked Secretaries SEWARD and STANTON if the petition had been presented to the President before his final action; that each of them said that it was, and that the President and the cabinet were a unit in denying the prayer. Mr. BINGHAM, in justice to himself, wished to make the fact public, but Mr. STANTON advised him not to do so, and he refrained. Attorney-General SPEED says that he saw the petition attached to the record in the President's office. Mr. Secretary HARLAN says that he entered the President's room when Mr. SEWARD, Mr. STANTON, and others of the cabinet were engaged in discussing the question of commutation on account of sex. Rev. Mr. BUTLER talked with the President upon the evening of the execution, and the President spoke of the strong appeals that had been made to him for clemency to Mrs. SURRATT. Messrs. WRIGHT and HOWE, clerks in the Bureau of Military Justice, state that Judge HOLT took the record with the petition to the President, and that when it returned to the office his approval

was written upon the leaf face to face with that on which the petition appeared. General Ekin, who signed the petition, stated in writing in 1867 that within a day or two after the execution Judge Holt told him that the President's attention had been especially directed to the petition, but that he thought it wrong to grant the prayer. And General Mussey, who was President Johnson's private secretary at the time, states that the President told him of the recommendation, and added that sex could make no difference in guilt. Moreover, during the remaining four years of his administration President Johnson not only did not prosecute Judge Holt for the dastardly offense which he charges upon him, but maintained his official relations unbroken.

To all this evidence Mr. Johnson has lately replied. But he offers no testimony whatever. He says that ex-Attorney-General Speed is mistaken, misrepresents other evidence, and makes no reference to the statement of General Mussey, whose word is unimpeachable. He says, indeed, that the published record in book form does not contain the recommendation to mercy. But the fact is that such a paper, often subscribed by members of a court-martial and appended to its proceedings, is no part whatever of the legal record. It is simply the act of the members, not as a court, but as individuals. Nothing is more fully established than this in military law; and the publication to which Mr. Johnson refers is, and professes to be, merely a copy or abstract of the legal record. His reply to Judge Holt is characteristically prolix and pointless, and the "rejoinder" of the judge finally settles a controversy which he could not properly avoid. No one who knows him would need to read the evidence. But even an enemy must be persuaded by it. The letter of the Secretary of War, after reading the documents, expresses the conclusion of every candid person who knows the facts. "There has never been in my mind any doubt," says General Belknap, "as to your honorable action in the matter, and the testimony they [the letters] contain is conclusive. They certainly form your complete vindication."

INFLATION.

As the first important action at this session of the Republican majority of the House of Representatives in caucus was a unanimous resolution to repeal the increased salary bill, so the first speech in the Senate was that of the Republican Senator Morrill, of Vermont, which was a most forcible and cogent denunciation of inflation, and an eloquent appeal for a speedy definite resumption of specie payment. It was a statement of plain and indisputable principles, and expresses the convictions of the great mass of the most intelligent people in the country. The Secretary of the Treasury, also, in his report reminds the eager speculators and visionaries who are hoping for inflation, and will use every art to secure it, of the solemnly pledged faith of the country, constantly repeated. In a passage in which the word "large" is at variance with the rest, the Secretary says:

"But any large augmentation of the issue of United States legal tender notes in time of peace would not only be a departure from that 'declaration of public policy and pledge of the public faith to the national creditors' made in the act of June 30, 1864, that the total amount of such notes shall never exceed $400,000,000, as well as from that more solemn pledge contained in the first act of the Forty-first Congress, 'to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of United States notes in coin,' but would postpone the day of specie payments, and render it more difficult to attain in the distant future, unsettle confidence in our national finances, and be a serious detriment to public credit at home and abroad."

"The more solemn pledge" of which the Secretary speaks we reproduce for the instruction of those who would evade it, and to show the impossibility, with honor, of any inflation whatever. The bill became a law on the 18th of March, 1869, and was the first act signed by President Grant:

"*Be it enacted, etc.,* That in order to remove any doubt as to the purpose of the government to discharge all just obligations to the public creditors, and to settle conflicting questions and interpretations of the laws by virtue of which such obligations have been contracted, it is hereby provided and declared that the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all the obligations of the United States not bearing interest, known as United States notes, and of all the interest-bearing obligations of the United States, except in cases where the law authorizing the issue of any such obligation has expressly provided that the same may be paid in lawful money, or other currency than gold or silver. But none of said interest-bearing obligations not already due shall be redeemed or paid before maturity unless at such time United States notes shall be convertible into coin at the option of the holder, or unless at such time bonds of the United States bearing a lower rate of interest than the bonds to be redeemed can be sold at par in coin. And the United States also solemnly pledges its faith to make provision at the earliest practicable moment for the redemption of the United States notes in coin."

The maintenance of this pledged public faith was one of the chief and most persuasive Republican declarations in the campaign of 1868. It was a solemn engagement to return as soon as possible to the only safe and simple principles and practice. Recent events have shown in the most menacing manner the consequences of continued contempt of those principles, and have at the same time given us the opportunity of returning to them. The best sentiment in the country denounces every kind of inflation; the President and the Secretary of the Treasury declare for a specie basis; Senator Sherman, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and a very cautious man, says that he shall not feel safe until we reach specie payments; the most intelligent journals in the country condemn inflation, under whatever pretense, as a fatal folly. But, despite wisdom and experience, Senator Ferry, of Michigan, deliberately proposes that, in substance and effect, the pledged faith of the country be violated, that the present currency of all kinds be expanded to $800,000,000, and that paper be made lawful money! As if conscious that his scheme is condemned by every sound and proved principle, he began by saying deprecatingly that he spoke as a "business" and "practical" man. But does Senator Ferry doubt that business and practical affairs, whether of states or individuals, can be safely conducted only upon approved principles? The dangerous tendency of his speech is fully exposed by that of Senator Morrill—a speech that every body can understand.

THE SPANISH DIFFICULTY.

As we write, it is announced that Spain has asked a modification of the terms agreed upon for the settlement of the *Virginius* difficulty, and that the ship be delivered to a third power until her right to the United States flag is established. The grounds for this request, either in justice or international law, are not stated; but it is very well understood that it is made in consequence of the attitude of the "Casino" in Cuba. It must be assumed that Spain acceded to a settlement which she deliberately approved and believed to be reasonable, unless, indeed, it can be shown that our demand was unfairly peremptory. But if she asks for modification, we are bound to hear the grounds of her request, because we have no doubt of her good faith and friendly intention.

Should it appear, however, that the request does not spring from any doubt of the justness of the agreement, but from doubt of her ability to execute her engagement, we must regard it as a confession of her impaired sovereignty. It would, however, be very disagreeable to be dragged into war by the unlawful acts of a few filibusters, nor would it be inspiring to patriotism to know that our honor somehow required that we should defend the fraudulent use of our flag. We hope that the Castelar Government will not find itself forced to yield to the Cuban "Casino," for the United States could not help recognizing the fact. Of course we could not leave any of our national rights or interests to the mercy or control of a knot of savage slave-holders, such as the masters of the "Casino" seem to be. Meanwhile there is no real excitement whatever upon the subject in this country. A very few newspapers foolishly insult the Administration for not eagerly seizing a chance of shedding precious blood, and of hopelessly deepening the gravity of the financial situation. But no patriotic or thoughtful man wishes for war, and we believe it to be the sincere hope of the country that the Spanish Government will order a naval force to execute its commands, and so test conclusively its power over its own citizens.

MR. PRINCE FOR SPEAKER.

The Legislature of New York should continue the good work begun in the courts. Since not only Tweed but his accomplices are sent to jail, none of Tweed's men, and no man of the Tweed school, no jobber, no tainted or suspected or notorious member of the Legislature, must be countenanced or favored. The Republican party is responsible for the organization of the Assembly, and its duty is plain. The public mind is impatient of jobbing and thieving and swindling. It has a fit of honesty and economy, and political principle and decency, which greatly amuses the chief of the salary grabbers, General Butler, who laughingly tells Mr. Kasson that if economy and honesty, or any other kind of demagogism, is his little game, he will take a hand. The general sees that just now honor and decency are the cue, and he will humor the folly. He is not mistaken. The first act of the Republican majority in Congress is to move for the repeal of the "salary grab," and the Democrats are justly denounced for discountenancing a similar movement. The party in the State of New York must not falter. The State was lost at the late election because the party seemed to be irresolute in reform. The State is not Democratic. Let the majority in the Legislature take care that it does not become so.

The first act of the Assembly will be the election of Speaker, and that will show both what it is and what it means to do. A proper choice will be as cheering as the Republican opening of Congress. There are but very few members mentioned for the position, and of these there is but one that will satisfy the demands of the hour. Mr. Prince, of Queens, is not only, in continuous service, one of the oldest members, if not the oldest, of the House, but he is a man of high character and of conceded ability and experience. He was never approached by brokers in votes. He was never, as so many clever and good-natured members are, a notorious jobber. But he is well known as one of the most industrious, faithful, and intelligent of legislators. Although always a Republican, he has been twice elected with virtual unanimity, no Democrat opposing. He is thoroughly familiar with the business of the House, and by his long and honorable and efficient service he has justly merited the distinction.

The election of Mr. Prince as Speaker would have the most gratifying and re-assuring effect upon the party. It would be the proof that while Tweed is punished, Tweedism is no longer tolerated in its chief seat, the Legislature. It would show that the Republicans of New York, who in electing Mr. Cornell last year testified their sense of the importance and dignity of the Speakership, mean to maintain their position. To withdraw from it, to select any other kind of candidate, any member, for instance, known to be beloved of the lobby and "skilled talent," and of shysters and jobbers of all kinds—any member, in short, whose political character and legislative practices are not known to be above reproach—would be to disgust and alienate all honorable Republicans. And we repeat, of the very few men named for the Speakership Mr. Prince is conspicuously the fittest.

THROWING AWAY THE PUBLIC MONEY.

It is to be hoped that Congress has assembled with a profound conviction of the public impatience of extravagance of every kind. If it has not, it will have conclusive evidence of it at the first sign of railroad loans or subsidies, or national aid to the private pockets of persons or of companies. It is no secret that the Pacific railroads will press most vigorously for assistance, and the power of the railroad lobby in Washington is undeniable. But members should recollect in time that every man who votes away the money or the credit of the country to these roads will be branded as false to the public interest. These projects are attempts to enrich private persons at the public cost, and the Crédit Mobilier investigations of last winter show us how the work in Congress is done. The argument is that they are great public works, and it is declared to be a national duty to "develop" the resources of the continent. Such an argument is applicable to every kind of speculation, and every intelligent person knows that these roads are the growth of the wild and reckless spirit which belongs to an irredeemable paper era.

Congress should understand also that the country will not be deceived by the argument that more land or bonds must be given to save those already gone. If we have made an immense mistake, we shall not remedy it by persisting in it. The difficulty is radical and fatal. There was no real demand for the roads. They were, in the truest sense, speculations; and if any proof were wanting, it is found in the inability to negotiate loans in Europe, because it was there plainly seen by the shrewdest financiers that for an indefinite period there was no prospect of a return upon the investment. Railroad capital and combinations in this country are already powerful enough, and need no assistance from Congress. Indeed, it is the aid of Congress which is largely responsible for the enormous growth of the power that is already perilous in its influence upon Congress and State Legislatures.

In the present situation of the country there is safety only in plain principles. "I feel," said Mr. Seward, in one of his best speeches—"I feel the sands of compromise slipping from under my feet, and they take hold of the rock of the Constitution." Let Congress spurn sophistry, and plant itself upon the truth. With the present railroad system of the country no new road is needed which private capital should not build. The application for government aid should be accepted as a confession that the road is not wanted, and a proposition to exchange the land already granted to a company for a government guarantee of its bonds should be met by a distinct declaration that the government has retired from that branch of business. Every honest man in the country is economizing, and while there is no disposition to quarrel with necessary expenses, Congress may be very sure that extravagance in public affairs will not be tolerated.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Forty-third Congress opened its session at noon on the 1st inst. The Senate numbers 74, of whom 50 are Republicans, 19 Democrats, and 5 Liberals. The House, under the new and increased apportionment, is composed of 292 members, 120 of whom were in the last House, and 172 are newly elected. Of the latter number 20 have been in former Congresses. At the opening there were 191 Republicans, 87 Democrats, 4 Liberals or independents, and 10 contested seats.—Senator Casserly, of California, resigned a few days before the opening.—Vice-President Wilson presided over the Senate, and Mr. Blaine, of Maine, was chosen Speaker of the House by a vote of 190 against 77 for Fernando Wood, the Democratic candidate.—Robert Crozier was sworn in as Senator from Kansas, in place of Caldwell, resigned. Messrs. Sypher, Sheldon, and Smith were admitted as Representatives from Louisiana, and the other contested cases were referred to the Committee on Elections.—The President's Message was not read until the second day, owing to the lateness of the hour at which the organization of both Houses was completed.—Attorney-General George H. Williams was nominated as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, B. H. Bristow as Attorney-General, and A. R. Shepherd as Governor of the District of Columbia.—The Congressional back-pay matter claimed the attention of both Houses on the opening day. Several bills were introduced in the Senate for the repeal or modification of the law passed at the previous session. Senators Conkling, Pratt, and Wright, Republicans, each presented a bill on the subject. In the House similar measures were proposed by a number of Republicans and Democrats, and referred to a select committee.—Various financial bills were introduced, the most important of which was Senator Morrill's, of Vermont, instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill providing for free banking and resumption of specie payments, to take effect January 1, 1875. Senator Ferry moved the substitution of legal tenders for the national currency. Senator Sumner proposed the issue of compound interest notes as substitutes for legal tenders. In the House Mr. Dawes introduced a bill to provide for the redemption of the loan of 1858, which, by the phraseology of the law, must be paid January 1, 1874, if the holders demand it. No appropriation having been made for this purpose, it becomes necessary to pass one. In the Senate Mr. Sherman offered a similar bill, which was passed.—An amendment to the Constitution was proposed by Senator Sumner, so that the President may be elected directly by the people, and for a term of six years, the office of Vice-President to be abolished. Mr. Windom proposed the election of United States Senators also by direct popular vote.—Bills were also introduced for the punishment of those who kidnap or enslave Italian children in this country; to repeal the bankruptcy law, in whole or part; to give the volunteers under the call of May 3, 1861, the full bounty of $100 promised in the proclamation, and pensions to all the soldiers of 1812; to determine national differences by arbitration; to aid in the execution of the laws in Utah Territory; to loan the State of New York $8,000,000, for canal and other improvements; to adjust by commission the claims under the Geneva award; to secure civil rights to all persons in the United States (the Senate refused to take it up); to organize the Territories of Oklahoma and Pembina; to complete the water highway from the James River to the Ohio at the mouth of the Kanawha; to repeal the "iron-clad" oath bill; by Representative Cox, to recognize the Cuban belligerency; to restore the franking privilege; to improve the Mississippi River between the mouth of the Ohio and the Missouri; to reduce postage; to abolish the tax on tobacco, cigars, and snuff; to repeal the shipping commissioners law. The Senate standing committees were announced on the 4th inst., and those of the House on the 5th. A new committee was added, on Civil Service and Retrenchment. Mr. Sumner was assigned a place on two committees—Education and Labor, and Privileges and Elections.

The following are some of the official majorities of the New York State election: Willers, Secretary of State, 9211; Hopkins, Comptroller, 4065; Raines, Treasurer, 12,805; Sweet, State Engineer, 14,702; Pratt, Attorney-General, 10,111; Jackson, Canal Commissioner, 11,230; Platt, State-prison Inspector, 3760; against appointment of Supreme Court judges, 204,642.

William M. Tweed, with hair closely cropped, beard shaven off, and in convict's dress, is doing duty as an orderly in the Penitentiary Hospital on Blackwell's Island. His health is said to have been seriously impaired by the shock of the verdict and his subsequent imprisonment. Ingersoll, the chair-maker, is in the Auburn prison, and his partner, Farrington, at Sing Sing. Walworth, who killed his father, has been transferred to Auburn.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Advices from Cuba and Madrid touching the *Virginius* difficulty are conflicting, but the latest reports give assurance that the matter will be settled without resort to war. Intense excitement prevailed in Havana when it was known that the captured vessel was to be surrendered to the United States authorities. Captain-General Jovellar is reported to have telegraphed to Madrid that he was unable to carry out the government orders, and therefore requested the appointment of his successor. It is also said that the Colonial Minister, Señor Soler, who is at present in Havana, has tendered his resignation. At a meeting of the merchants of that city it was resolved to purchase vessels to act as cruisers against our commerce in case of war. Leading Spaniards are quoted as saying that they are willing to have the *Virginius* placed in neutral hands for a decision by arbitration, but they will not consent to her delivery directly to our government. It is also reported, but not without contradiction, that the Spanish government has been so far affected by the news of Cuban resistance on this point as to request a modification of the terms of the protocol, but the United States has decidedly refused to make further concessions, and insists upon a complete and satisfactory vindication of its rights. Washington dispatches, however, deny that the Spanish government has shown any inclination to change the terms of agreement; on the contrary, it is declared that the *Virginius* and the surviving prisoners will be surrendered to us within ten days.

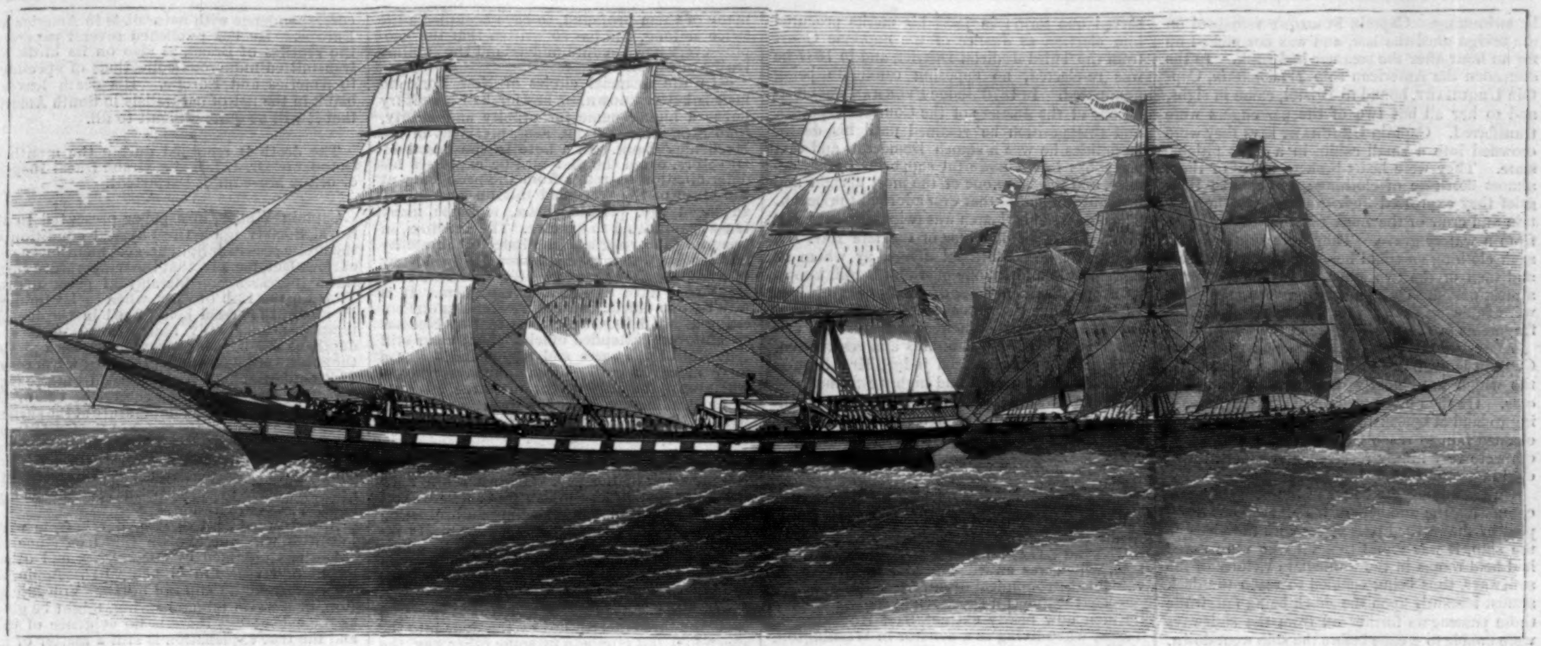
The crew of the *Loch Earn*, which sunk the *Ville du Havre*, give an entirely different version of the disaster from that already published. They represent that the captain and second mate of the steamer came on board the *Loch Earn* shortly after the collision, and did not assist in saving any of the passengers, and that many of the French crew showed cowardice.

In Spain an order has been promulgated, in view of the definitive establishment of the republic, that the royal insignia be removed from the flags and standards of the army. Don Carlos has taken up winter-quarters at Durango, and his brother, Don Alfonso, has gone to Paris. Marshal Serrano has returned to Madrid. A son of the Duc de Montpensier is dead. The bombardment of Cartagena has been almost incessant. Four hundred houses have been destroyed by missiles from the fleet.

The Prussian Federal Council accepts the official invitation to Germany to participate in the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876.

Archbishop Ledochowski replies to the demand of the German government for his resignation, refusing to comply, and declaring that he is responsible only to the Pope.

TRACKING RABBITS.—[See Page 1139.]



THE "LOCH EARN." THE "TRIMOUNTAIN."

THE LOSS OF THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

THE French steam-ship *Ville du Havre*, which sailed from this port on the 15th of November with more than 300 souls on board, was early on the morning of November 22 run down in mid-ocean by the sailing ship *Loch Earn*, bound from London to New York. Within twelve minutes after the collision the *Ville du Havre* sank, carrying down 226 men, women, and children.

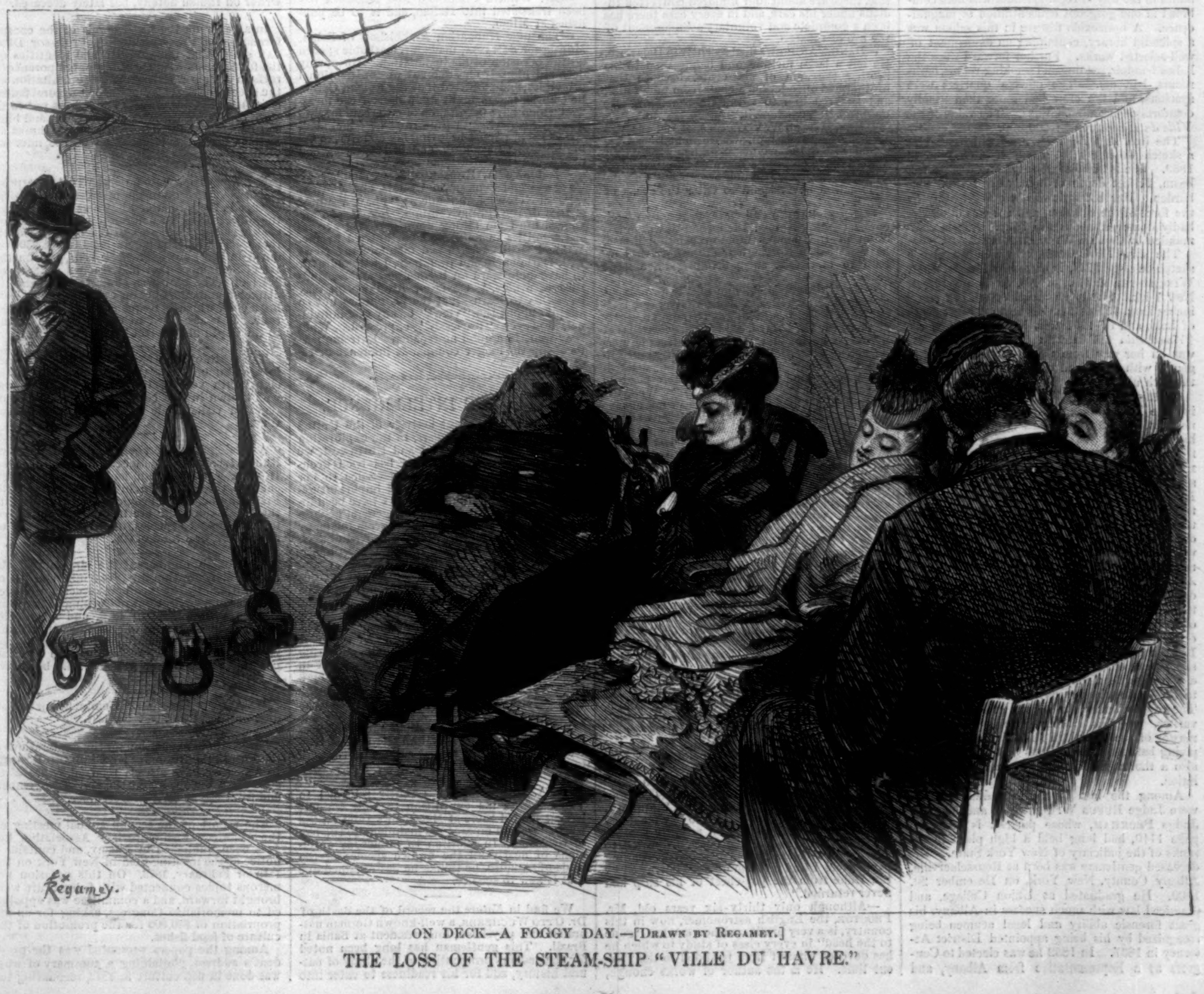
By the accounts which have reached us of this awful calamity there seems to have been inexcusable negligence or mismanagement on the part of some one either on the steam-ship or the sailing vessel. The night was clear, and the lights on the *Loch Earn* were seen by the look-out on the *Ville du Havre* a quarter of an hour before the collision took place. It is stated that the officer in charge of the steamer at the time, Lieutenant ENDURAND, supposed he had time to clear the approaching vessel, and that, appalled by the calamity which resulted from his error of judgment, he made no effort to save himself, and was drowned. The full details of the disaster will be brought out by the judicial inquiry which has been ordered in France.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the horrors of this sad calamity. The *Ville du Havre* was one of the finest and largest steam-ships sailing out of this port. She was commanded by an able and experienced officer,

CAPTAIN W. W. URQUHART.

Captain SURMONT, and manned by a well-disciplined crew; and her passengers had probably no more thought of danger than people have in crossing a ferry. When the crash came, in the darkness of the night, it broke clear through one side of the steamer, killing passengers in their berths, and bringing with it a deluge of water that rapidly filled the hold. The deck was soon thronged with startled passengers; but many, paralyzed with terror, remained in their state-rooms and perished without making an effort to escape their too certain doom. Thirty or forty passengers succeeded in getting into the long-boat and were ready for launching when suddenly the mizzen-mast fell over and crushed many of them to death. Immediately afterward others were killed by the fall of the mainmast. Many leaped into the water and endeavored to swim to the *Loch Earn*, which had drifted about half a mile off, and from which boats had been at once sent to the rescue. The purser of the *Ville du Havre* states that while swimming toward the *Loch Earn* he turned his head and saw the ill-fated steamer disappear without reeling. She went down head-foremost. For an instant a dreadful shriek rang out upon the air, and then all was still.

The boats of the *Loch Earn* continued cruising at the scene of the disaster until ten o'clock, when all hope of finding other survivors of the wreck was reluctantly abandoned. Eighty-seven persons, including sixty of the officers and crew, had been picked up or had reached the *Loch Earn*



ON DECK—A FOGGY DAY.—[DRAWN BY REGAMEY.]

THE LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP "VILLE DU HAVRE."

by swimming. Captain Surmont remained on the bridge until the last, and was not picked up for an hour after the steamer had sunk. In the afternoon the American ship *Trimountain*, Captain Urquhart, bound to Bristol, came in sight, and to her all but two of the passengers were transferred. Captain Urquhart says they were crowded into a small cabin, in a most pitiable state. They were heart-broken, many of them almost destitute of clothing; but amidst their grief they expressed their gratitude to the captain and crew of the *Loch Earn* for saving them from a watery grave. They were supplied with such clothing as could be spared by the officers and men of the two ships, but some were still almost naked. Quite a large proportion of them were suffering from severe bruises received from fragments of the wreck while in the water.

After the transfer of the rescued passengers Captain Urquhart cruised about the scene of the wreck until nearly dark, but without success. He then proceeded on his voyage, intending to land at Queenstown; but a favorable wind enabled him to reach Cardiff, where the survivors were very kindly received, and supplied with clothing.

On examining the books of the company, and comparing the numbers of the state-rooms occupied by the rescued passengers with the plans of the ship, it was found that all who were saved had held rooms in the immediate vicinity of the stairways, thus being enabled to reach the deck almost instantly upon the shock being felt, while those passengers further off from the stairways were unable to escape before the ship went down.

Among the survivors was a lady whose husband and four children were lost; three young ladies lost their father and mother; one young gentleman lost his father, mother, and sister. The sufferings of those who were rescued were intense, the cold being very severe. Many persons were nearly insensible when taken from the water, and must have perished soon.

The *Ville du Havre*, of which several illustrations will be found on page 1136, was not a new ship, but the old *Napoleon III.*, lengthened and altered. Her length was 423 feet 6 inches, her breadth of beam 43 feet. Last year she was fitted out with new engines and boilers. Her accommodations were of the most elegant description. The state-rooms were of unusual size, and furnished in an elaborate manner. They were below the main saloon, leaving the latter apartment the entire width of the vessel. This saloon, nearly 60 feet in length, was furnished and decorated in a manner altogether unequaled by that of any steamer afloat. All that costly woods, rare marbles, elaborate carvings, tasteful gilding, immense mirrors, brilliant chandeliers, rich carpeting, and luxurious upholstery could afford in the way of regal splendor was here combined in one gorgeous concentration of magnificence. A noticeable feature in this saloon was a splendid library, containing an assortment of well-selected works. Further forward were the ladies' boudoir, reading and smoking rooms, bath-rooms, bar, etc. The officers' quarters were spacious, and the crew had more than usually comfortable accommodations. The value of the *Ville du Havre* was $1,500,000.

The iron ship *Loch Earn*, of which we give a sketch on page 1133, was built in Glasgow in 1869. She is 226 feet in length on deck, 35 feet beam, 21 feet depth of hold, and of 1200 tons burden. Her bowsprit was wrenched away by the force of the collision, and she was otherwise badly damaged about the bows. She is commanded by Captain William Robertson.

The ship *Trimountain*, of which we give a sketch on page 1133, is owned by Messrs. J. H. Winchester & Co., of No. 52 South Street, New York. She is a wooden vessel, 175 feet 6 inches long, 35 feet 3 inches beam, 29 feet depth of hold, and of 1301 tons burden. When the *Trimountain* fell in with the *Loch Earn* she was on her way from this port to Bristol, England, with a general cargo, having sailed on the 10th ult.

Captain William W. Urquhart, commanding the *Trimountain*, was born at Essex, Connecticut, June 26, 1838, and is consequently in his thirty-sixth year. He is of a sailor family, his father, the late Captain John Urquhart, having been for many years a popular and successful ship-master in the "New York and Havre Line" of E. D. Hurlbut, at a period anterior to the advent of ocean steamers. Captain W. W. Urquhart, whose portrait is given on page 1133, entered the merchant service when quite a youth, and at the early age of twenty-one years was master of the fine ship *American Eagle*, of E. Morgan's Sons' London line. He has always been remarkably fortunate in his profession, and has made some of the quickest trips across the Atlantic on record. His last passage in the *Trimountain* from London to New York was accomplished in the short space of seventeen days, while on his present voyage he made the trip from New York to Bristol in nineteen days from dock to dock. The captain appears to be one of Neptune's favorites. He has a brother, John Urquhart, master of the American ship *Frances P. Sage*, plying between New Orleans and Havre, who is also a thorough sailor, full of energy and resolution.

Among the lost by this dreadful calamity were Judge Rufus W. Peckham and his wife. Judge Peckham, whose portrait is given on page 1140, had long held a high place in the ranks of the judiciary of New York State. The deceased gentleman was born at Rensselaerville, Albany County, New York, on December 20, 1809. He graduated at Union College, and practiced law with much success in Albany, his great forensic ability and legal acumen being recognized by his being appointed District Attorney in 1837. In 1852 he was elected to Congress as a Representative from Albany, and served one term; in 1858 his merits procured him election as Justice of the Supreme Court from the Third Judicial District, and in 1867 he was re-elected, no opposing candidate being nominated. In 1870 Judge Peckham was elected one of the Justices of the Court of Appeals, and this position he retained until his death. In politics he was a stanch Democrat, and that party has lost a powerful supporter by his demise, and the State one of the most upright and brilliant luminaries that ever adorned the bench. The deceased gentleman was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lacy, a noted Episcopal divine, by whom he had several children, one of whom is well known as a prominent member of the New York bar. In 1861 Judge Peckham espoused Miss Foote. Survivors say that both husband and wife met death with Christian calmness and resignation. A brother of the deceased judge, Mr. George W. Peckham, an aged and highly esteemed resident of Milwaukee, was so affected by the intelligence of the disaster that, in a moment of mental aberration, he committed suicide by drowning.

PERSONAL.

Professor James Craig Watson, of the Ann Arbor Observatory, Michigan, has recently received the Lalande medal of the French Institute, which was awarded to him in 1870 for his valuable astronomical discoveries.

—That wonderful specimen of a class of public men now nearly extinct, Sam Houston, of Texas, when living as a Senator in Washington, at Willard's, slept on buffalo-robes spread on the floor, and kept inscribed in large type over his mantel-piece the words, "My time for retiring is nine o'clock."

—Dr. Edward Warren writes from Cairo, Egypt, to a friend in Baltimore, that there is "a splendid opportunity for women dentists in Egypt, as in the East women are forbidden to consult with men." There are three or four Englishwomen practicing dentistry in Cairo, according to Dr. Warren's letter, and all are doing well.

—Apropos of the termination of the trial of William M. Tweed, a gentleman sends to the *Evening Post* a line, saying that the closing scenes recall to mind the following lines from Pope's *Essay on Man*, the first four of which are of course familiar to all, but the remaining two are probably not so generally remembered:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where *th' extreme of vice* was ne'er agreed—
Ask, Where's the north? *at York 'tis on the Tweed.*"

—As illustrative of the saying that "some things can be done as well as others," the Rev. J. H. Wilbur, who has for twelve years labored among the Yokima Indians in Oregon, states that there are about four hundred converted Indians under his care, and in every case there has been a complete and voluntary abandonment of the use of tobacco.

—Daniel Andrews died recently in Delaware. He left a large fortune, and bequeathed to his brother the sum of six cents, because that brother had once jerked a chair from under him, and suffered him to fall upon the floor. He oughtn't to have done it.

—Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, was recently in Mississippi, where he had been engaged in an important insurance case. Mr. Voorhees is doubtless the most eloquent advocate at the Indiana bar, and he expresses his determination never again to enter the arena of politics.

—Messrs. Baring and Croosbaile, two well-connected Englishmen, the former of whom is a scion of the famous London banking house, have settled in Northern Idaho, where they intend to undertake sheep-breeding on a large scale.

—Mr. C. Reed, M.P., one of the prominent men of the Evangelical Alliance Convention lately held in this city, speaking at a banquet recently given by the Lord Mayor of London, declared that he was persuaded that "the middle class of America had a strong, deep feeling of affection for England, and that so long as that feeling existed, and was genuinely reciprocated, there need be no fear for the peace of the world." Well, the sentiment is a nice one; but we can not always tell. This Spanish matter: how it has stirred us all up, and what a rattling it has made among the rusty old cannon, the rusty old ships, and the army and navy officers, who were really getting rusty!

—Captain Speedy, a British officer who distinguished himself in the Abyssinian war, has entered the service of the Rajah of Larut at a salary of $60,000 a year. The captain was formerly tutor of the son of the late King Theodorus of Abyssinia, and if he saves up his money for five or six years, can come back to England and live upon the interest thereof.

—That very outspoken man, Charles Bradlaugh, in a speech delivered recently at Cincinnati, appeared to enjoy his little ironical tribute to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. "We pay the Prince," said he, "£50,000 a year for being Prince of Wales, and £63,000 a year for being Duke of Cornwall, but we have the benefit of him as a military man. [Laughter.] We pay his salary as general in the army and as colonel of two regiments, which he never sees. At his majority he received $6,500,000, the accumulations of the duchy during his minority, and year before last we paid £7600 for repairs to the house he lives in. We pay the Duke of Edinburgh $75,000 for being Duke. We pay him his salary as a naval officer. Recently he visited the colonies, and we voted him £3400 to enable him to be generous there. The colonial papers say that although he took the money, he left the colonial committees to pay for many of the presents. I have been recently reading our blue-books, and in the portion devoted to irrecoverable balances from dead and absconding paymasters I find an item of £450 borrowed by the Duke from the pay-chest of his ship and never returned."

—Although only thirty-six years old, Mr. Proctor, the English astronomer, now in this country, is a very prolific author, and has "gone to the head" in every class of study to which he has devoted himself from boyhood to the present time. He is the author of works enough, many of them profound, to have occupied a life twice as long, and has so written that the people—every body—could understand the sublime truths of astronomy.

—In the financial circles of New York no man is better known, or has for half a century borne a higher name for probity and ability, than Shepherd Knapp, Esq., president of the Mechanics' Bank. In a note to the Board of Directors, dated the 21st ult., he expresses his determination to retire from the presidency at the close of the year—and this on account of advanced age, private affairs, and the many trusts committed to his care. The directors, in accepting the resignation, allude to the ability and success which have attended his presidency of five-and-thirty years, and the agreeable relations that have existed between them. It is rare that an official continues so long in one position as Mr. Knapp has; rarer that success has so uniformly attended official labor; rarer still that amidst the cares and responsibilities of a large moneyed corporation, time nevertheless was always found for devotion to the interests of our leading charities, and to benevolent and patriotic labors of all sorts. In old age he retires with

"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

—Speaking of the Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, England, an English paper tells us that so large was he that in preaching an ordination sermon he had to be hoisted into the pulpit over the side, the door being too narrow to admit him. Curiously enough, his sermon was on "the importance of a right introduction into the Christian ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "he that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep."

—Dr. Hoffman, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has recently received from the German government a silver medal, attached by a ring to the "non-combatant" ribbon, of German colors, black, white, and red. The medal is in consideration of services rendered by Dr. Hoffman during the Franco-Prussian war.

—Sir Henry Holland left personal property to the value of $700,000, and Sir Edwin Landseer $800,000. The latter left to his sister Jessie all the jewelry and other articles received from the Queen, and the balance of his property is divided between his brother Thomas and his three sisters.

—When Mr. Charles Lanman finished his useful *Dictionary of Congress* he had accumulated about ten thousand pages of autobiographical letters. After arranging them in a series of volumes he sold them to Jay Cooke. When the business affairs of Mr. Cooke became involved, he received an offer from a library in England of $5000 for the whole collection, which was accepted. So that curious collection has passed from our native heath, and become the property of the hated foreigner.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen* has been translated into Italian, and is to be published at Milan.

—The new Hungarian Archbishop of Erlau, Monsignor Samassa, made a remarkable speech on the occasion of his installation. He openly declared himself an adherent of constitutional principles, and admitted that the Roman Catholic Church had brought upon herself the measures which have been taken of late years for limiting her power. "I promise," he concluded, "that I will persist in loving my country, in being faithful to my king, and in respecting and obeying the constitutional laws."

—William A. Richardson, ex-member of Congress and Senator of Illinois, and ex-Governor of Nebraska, announces: "I have assumed charge of the Quincy (Illinois) *Herald*. In advanced life I am taking upon myself grave responsibilities in fields of labor untried by me. While I shall advance and maintain my views with fearlessness and frankness, I will endeavor to have due regard for the feelings and sensibilities of others." Governor Richardson may have this to learn—that the people are not so anxious about the "views" of any one individual, however "fearlessly" expressed. What they want is a good newspaper. Extreme partisanship no longer commands influence or respect.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In noticing the great activity of the United States, in the last few years, in the exploration of the regions of the West and Northwest, we must not forget that Canada has been occupied in a similar manner in reference to her own Western territory. Several important geological and geographical surveys have been instituted, in addition to the great general geological survey that has been in progress for many years, the reports of which have proved of such standard value. During the past season Mr. Selwyn, director of the geological survey, and Mr. R. Bell have been engaged in the regions watered by the North Saskatchewan, while Mr. Richardson has been on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, in British Columbia. Mr. G. M. Dawson, geologist of the Boundary Commission, has just completed a survey of the Lake of the Woods and its neighborhood, and during the season many collections have been made in the country west of Pembina, which, although not equal in value to those of Dr. Coues in the same field, will yet prove of much importance.

We learn from *Nature* that the *Challenger* reached the coast of Brazil on the 15th of September last, and was to leave Bahia on the 25th for the Cape of Good Hope.

Dr. A. B. Meyer has recently returned to Vienna, from his expedition to New Guinea, having landed there at MacCleur's Inlet on the west coast, and crossed the main-land to the bay of Geelvink. In addition to numerous specimens of nearly all the known species of the birds-of-paradise, he thinks he has obtained one that is new to science.

We find in *Nature* the record of the death of Dr. Otto Wucherer, a well-known German naturalist and physician, long resident at Bahia in Brazil. This gentleman has long been noted for the zealous prosecution of the study of natural history, and for his readiness to enter into correspondence with naturalists in America and Europe. He has published several papers on the reptiles of Brazil, as also on its birds, and transmitted numerous collections of specimens to America and Europe. His death leaves a blank in the list of naturalists in South America that it will be quite difficult to fill.

The death is recorded during the month of October of Dr. J. J. Kaup, Grand Ducal Inspector of the Museum of Darmstadt.

Captain Wells, in a paper presented to the Royal Society upon the physical condition of the arctic seas near Spitzbergen, mentions a very curious fact, namely, that the temperature sometimes increases considerably at great depths. Thus on the 12th of July, when in latitude 80° 17 north, the vessel being fixed in the ice, the temperature actually increased to +64° at a depth of 600 fathoms, proving, in his opinion, the southward flow of a vast body of warm water. This could not have been derived from the Gulf Stream, because nowhere as high as 50° or 60° does it have so high a temperature at the surface. Even if the whole of the water of the Gulf Stream were spread over the water of the north, its depth would not exceed ten fathoms; whereas warm water of 42° F. occurs to the depth of 400 fathoms, and north of Spitzbergen it is found as high as 64° F. at 600 fathoms.

A northward drift of the Atlantic from warm localities will not explain this fact, since the soundings obtained by Carpenter and others gave temperatures much below 64°. Again, the waters flow south and not north. Volcanic action, or a warm mineral spring, might be given as the cause; but there is no evidence of this, and the true explanation is still a matter of uncertainty.

Mr. George Ormerod, the well-known antiquary, of Ledbury Park, Gloucestershire, England, died in October last, at the age of eighty-seven.

The blue color of certain lakes, especially that of Geneva, is maintained by some to be due to the occurrence of finely dissolved or very minutely divided gelatinous silica; and M. Colas now maintains that the blue color of the sky is produced by the same substance, kept in suspension in the air on account of its great lightness.

Some specimens of plants collected by Dr. Bessels in Polaris Bay, and presented by him to Captain Markham, were recently submitted to Dr. J. D. Hooker for determination, as being the most northern point where any phanerogamous plants were ever secured. The species proved to be *Draba alpina*, L.; *Cerastium alpinum*, L.; *Taraxacum densleonis*, Desf. var.; and *Poa flexuosa*, Wahl.

Dr. J. Lindsay Stewart, late Conservator of Forests in the Punjab, in India, and a copious writer on Indian botany, has lately deceased.

In a paper on the fossil corals of the eocene formation of the West Indies, Professor Duncan states that the affinities and identities of the fossil forms with those of contemporaneous reefs in Asia and Europe, and the limitation of the species of the existing Caribbean coral fauna, establish the correctness of the views put forth by S. P. Woodward, Carrick Moore, and himself concerning the upheaval of the Isthmus of Panama after the termination of the miocene period.

For some time past an important enterprise has been carried on in the interest of geological science in the formation known as sub-Wealden, the object being to determine the existence of coal at any depth, so as to reach the paleozoic rocks. The borings commenced about 250 feet down in the known Purbeck beds, and on the 1st of September they had reached a depth of 294 feet. The bore was at first nine inches in diameter, and cuts only on the outer edge, leaving a core, which is frequently extracted by the tube. It is proposed to prosecute this boring to the depth of 2000 feet if necessary.

The death of Sir Henry Holland took place in London on the 28th of October last, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Sir Henry was well known in this country in consequence of repeated visits made at different intervals of time.

A catalogue of the shell-bearing mollusca of Rhode Island has lately been published by Mr. Horace F. Carpenter, and has special reference to the collection in the museum of the Franklin Society of Providence. According to this catalogue, there are in the State of terrestrial mollusca 36 species, of fluviatile 39, and of marine 131, or a total of 206.

The fourth number of the circulars of the Bureau of Education for 1873 contains a list of publications by the members of certain college faculties and institutions of learning in the United States from 1867 to 1873, and constitutes quite a valuable record of scientific activity during that time. If the bureau would publish each year such a list as this of all American scientific papers it would meet a want that has been very urgently felt.

Mr. Albany Hancock, an eminent anatomist, died on the 24th of October last.

The German expedition for the exploration of the Libyan Desert, under Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, to which we have already referred, expected to start from Europe about the end of November, and from Egypt early in December.

The report of the second annual meeting of the American Fish-culturists' Association has just been published in Albany, and contains a notice of the meeting held in New York on the 11th of February, 1873. On this occasion numerous topics connected with fish-culture were brought forward, and a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress, asking for an appropriation of $30,000 for the promotion of the culture of food fishes.

Among the papers presented was the president's address, containing a summary of what was done in fish-culture in 1872, recounting the

measures taken by the National Commissioner and the State Commissioners for the introduction and increase of the salmon, shad, and other species. In a paper, by Professor Mather, on artificial spawning as practiced in the cultivation of trout, the opinion was expressed that, contrary to the views of most fish-culturists, natural spawning is preferable to artificial in every respect.

Mr. Dykeman, in a paper on the impregnation of trout eggs, gave the result of experiences at his establishment at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Charles Bell read a paper on the fecundation of fish, in which he denies that the spermatozoa are distinguishable as independent organisms, instead of being simply free moving cells. A communication was presented by Mr. George Sheppard Page upon fish-culture abroad, embracing the results of inquiries made by him, through the State Department, in China and Japan in regard to the practice in those countries. From this it would appear that artificial culture, as we understand it, is unknown in those regions, efforts there being limited to the gathering of the spawn, as naturally impregnated, and hatching them out; and also keeping fish in reservoirs, where they can spawn, or where they can receive considerable accession of growth. Mr. A. P. Rockwood enumerates the native fish of Utah, among them including the lake trout, which sometimes weighs twenty-five pounds, the brook trout, weighing from one to three pounds, the sucker, chub, and a fish something like the cat-fish.

In addition to the papers actually presented at the meeting, the report embraces an extract from a letter of Professor Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, addressed to the Committee on Appropriations of Congress, on the subject of fish propagation.

Vice-Admiral Sir Robert M'Clure, well known among arctic explorers, died in London on the 18th of October at the age of sixty-six. His first service as a naval officer was on the second expedition of Sir George Back to the arctic regions, in 1836. In 1844 he accompanied Sir John Ross in his search for Sir John Franklin, and in 1850 he began the voyage which secured to him the credit of being the discoverer of the Northwest Passage. The succeeding four years were spent by him, then Captain M'Clure, in search of traces of Sir John Franklin, and on his return to England he received £5000 as a reward for his success, and was subsequently knighted and made vice-admiral.

The cod-fisheries of the Pacific have been quite successful during the past season, all the fish taken being sure of a fair market. The prices in San Francisco are about one cent per pound less than for the Eastern cod. The total arrivals at San Francisco up to the end of October from the Alaskan and Siberian fisheries amounted to 583,000 fish, of which 235,000 were from the Shumagin Islands and 348,000 from those of the Sea of Okhotsk. The largest cargo brought in was that by the *Gold Hunter*, of 121,000.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The event of the week in the religious world is the formation of a new Church, which has taken the name of the "Reformed Episcopal Church." A meeting of persons favorable to such an organization was held in Association Hall, New York, on Tuesday, December 2. After effecting a temporary organization, a Declaration of Principles was read and referred to a committee. The committee, after consultation, submitted their report, which was unanimously adopted. It is in these words:

"*Resolved*, That we whose names are appended to the call for this meeting as presented by the Presiding Bishop do here and now, in humble reliance upon Almighty God, organize ourselves into a Church, to be known by the style and title of the Reformed Episcopal Church, in conformity with the following Declaration of Principles, and with the Right Rev. George David Cummins, D.D., as our Presiding Bishop.

"Declaration of Principles.

"I. The Reformed Episcopal Church, holding the faith once delivered to the saints, declares its belief in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the Word of God and the sole rule of faith and practice; in the Creed commonly called the Apostles' Creed; in the divine institution of the Sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper; and in the doctrines of grace substantially as they are set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion.

"II. This Church recognizes and adheres to episcopacy, not as of divine right, but as a very ancient and desirable form of Church polity.

"III. This Church, retaining a liturgy which shall not be imperative or repressive of freedom in prayer, accepts the Book of Common Prayer as it was revised, proposed, and recommended for use by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, A.D. 1785, reserving full liberty to alter, abridge, enlarge, and amend the same as may seem most conducive to the edification of the people, 'provided that the substance of the faith be kept entire.'

"IV. This Church condemns and rejects the following erroneous and strange doctrines as contrary to God's Word:

"*First.* That the Church of Christ exists only in one order or form of ecclesiastical polity.

"*Secondly.* That Christian ministers are priests in another sense than that in which all believers are 'a royal priesthood.'

"*Thirdly.* That the Lord's table is an altar on which an oblation of the body and blood of Christ is offered anew to the Father.

"*Fourthly.* That the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper is a presence in the elements of bread and wine.

"*Fifthly.* That regeneration is inseparably connected with baptism."

After an address by Bishop Cummins it was resolved that the general meeting of the Church should be known as its "General Council;" that the General Council should be held annually on the second Wednesday in May; that a Standing Committee, a Finance Committee, and a Treasurer should be elected. These elections were accordingly made. The Presiding Bishop and the committees above named were appointed a temporary Executive Committee, with power to frame a constitution and laws for the Church, and to consider proposed alterations in the Prayer-Book of 1785—all to be reported to the General Council of 1874.

The relation of the new Church to other churches was expressed in the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"*First.* Ministers in good standing in other churches shall be received into this Church on letters of dismission without reordination, they sustaining a satisfactory examination on such points as may hereafter be determined, and subscribing to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of this Church.

"*Secondly.* All ordinations of bishops and other ministers in this Church shall be performed by one or more bishops, with the laying on of hands of the Presbytery.

"*Thirdly.* Communicants in good standing in other evangelical churches shall be received on presentation of a letter of dismissal or other satisfactory evidence."

The Rev. Charles E. Cheney, of Chicago, was elected Missionary Bishop of the Northwestern States. Eight ministers and nineteen laymen participated in the election. Dr. Cheney reserved his acceptance of the office. After thanks to the Young Men's Christian Association for their kindness, the Council adjourned *sine die.*

The withdrawal of Bishop Cummins from the Protestant Episcopal Church has been officially noticed by its authorities. The Standing Committee of the diocese of Kentucky has certified the fact of the withdrawal to the Presiding Bishop. On Saturday, November 29, a meeting of the neighboring bishops, called by Bishop Smith, of the diocese of Kentucky, was held in this city. Though not publicly known, it was understood that the object of the meeting was to take the preliminary measures for the deposition of Bishop Cummins. It will require six months to consummate deposition. A few other facts are deserving of notice as forming parts of this important record. The Rev. Dr. John Hall has published a letter explaining the circumstances of the communion in which Bishop Cummins took part. The letter says:

"It was communicated to me formally by an Episcopal clergyman that an invitation thereto would be acceptable to Bishop Cummins, and accordingly he was 'invited' by me. I did not originate the transaction, and the bishop did not come uninvited."

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, Sen., the pastor of St. George's, preached a sermon on Sunday, November 30, in which he expressed decided disapproval of Bishop Cummins's withdrawal. Of himself he said: "My race is now almost run, and I find the Protestant Episcopal Church now just what it was when I was received into its ministry fifty years ago. I deemed its doctrinal standards true then, and I find them true after a ministry of half a century; and whatever individuals in the Church may have done, there has been no change required, or by law imposed. I have no taste for changes, and none have been demanded of me. I see no defects in the Church now which I did not see in the commencement of my work. And there are defects in all organizations. But every year the Church has been dearer to me. And I hope to finish my course in the communion in which I was born, and in which I have passed a ministry of so many years."

Secretary Delano, of the Department of the Interior, has recommended to Congress the withdrawal from sale or entry of a sufficient body of the public lands to enable the Russian Mennonites who are coming to us to settle together as exclusive occupants. The number of acres needed will be from 400,000 to 500,000. The Secretary thus explains the reasons of this request: "Such exclusive occupancy they deem essential to enable them to carry out their peculiar system of farming, which to some extent involves a community of interest in and occupancy of the lands, and they also wish to avoid, as far as possible, the presence of any disturbing elements in their immediate neighborhood."

It seems to us that the Mennonites are needlessly jealous of the presence of neighbors not of their own faith. But isolation from the world has been their practice in Pennsylvania, and no harm has come of it beyond its effect to make them a slow, unprogressive people. Their piety and moral worth have never been questioned.

The semi-centenary of Presbyterianism in New Orleans was duly celebrated by the Presbyterian churches of that city on the 23d of November. Dr. Palmer read a valuable historical record of the forty years from 1833 to 1873, which closed with this summary: "Our real progress dates from 1833, starting with twenty-four; to-day, after the lapse of forty years, we count *nine* organized churches, including the First German. Our original number of twenty-four has increased nearly to 2000 communicants, and with about 2300 children in our various Sabbath-schools."

We have been late in receiving an account of the "Friends' National Biennial First-day School Conference," which was held in Lynn, Massachusetts, November 19. This is a long title for a Sunday-school convention. About six hundred Friends were in attendance on the opening day. The first question discussed was, "Should not our efforts in the school be primarily directed to the conversion and growth in grace of our pupils?" The second, "In our zeal to advance the First-day School cause have we not overlooked or neglected home instruction in the Scriptures?" Both questions were very thoroughly debated. The subject of dress also came up in the Conference. "One speaker advised that the question of dress should be a question of utility and convenience, and said, moreover, that the practice of wearing the hat in meeting, which so long prevailed, was remarkable chiefly for being a stupid violation of sanitary law."

The spirit of secession appears to be contagious. The Rev. H. O. Pentecost (not G. F. Pentecost, now in Boston), some time since pastor of a Baptist church in Rockville Centre, Long Island, admitted a Congregationalist minister to communion, and was subjected therefor to Church discipline. On Sunday, November 30, he organized an independent church in Central Hall, Brooklyn. Dr. Carroll presided. Drs. Cuyler, Duryea, and Deems spoke at length. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, Dr. Jeffrey, and Rev. G. F. Pentecost and others participated.

The union of the Wesleyan Methodists of Canada and Eastern British America, and also that between the Wesleyans and the New Connection Methodists of Canada, are likely to be consummated. The question was referred to the quarterly Conferences of each body for decision, and the votes as given are overwhelmingly in favor of union. The new organization will have 1000 ministers and 100,000 members.

The answers of the states of Europe to the Papal Syllabus continue to come in. The Augsburg *Gazette* reports that the Bavarian Concordat with the Pope is abolished. The Emperor of Austria has announced to the Reichsrath that as a consequence of the abolition of the Austrian Concordat with the Pope bills regulating the relations of church and state would be brought in. The announcement was received with applause. The most Catholic nations repudiate with scorn the claim of the supremacy of the Church over the state.

The American pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land is still actively discussed. We report the following progress: Archbishop Manning has been consulted, and promises to preach to the pilgrims when they reach London. A lady proposes that the pilgrims all dress in *blue*, "not only because it is durable and modest, but to let the world know that we are *American* pilgrims, and in no way more lukewarm or less zealous in devotion to the Church and our Holy Father in the New than they are in the Old World."

The editor of the *Catholic Review* approves of blue "for another and better reason—that blue is the blessed Virgin's color."

According to an English paper, the Baptists on the continent of Europe are distributed thus: The German churches have a membership of about 25,000. In Denmark there are about 2000 members in the various Baptist churches; in Finland, nearly 100; in Sweden, 9500; in Norway, nearly 400; in Poland, 1200; in Russia, 1500; in France, 650; in Spain, 200; in Italy, 200; in classic Greece, 50. Some of these churches are helped by American, and some by British Baptist missionary societies, while many of them are entirely self-sustained. In each case we have given the gross total of membership. All the above churches are the growth of about forty years past, some of them of quite a recent period.

The Alliance Israelite Universelle is doing a good work in protecting Jews throughout the East from persecution, through the intervention of French and English consuls. It also promotes education, and aids or wholly sustains schools at Adrianople, Bagdad, Smyrna, Tangiers, and other points. The Alliance issues a monthly bulletin of its operations.

It is expected that the Prussian Diet, which met on November 12, will pass laws authorizing civil marriages and empowering the state to expel from the country recusant ecclesiastics. The registers will, no doubt, be taken out of the keeping of the priests; the speech from the throne, which was read by the vice-president of the cabinet, says that the laws passed during the last session in reference to the relations between the Church and the state had met with unjustifiable opposition from the Roman Catholic bishops, but that the government was the more determined strictly to enforce these laws, inasmuch as they in no way imperiled the religious existence of the various creeds. Moreover, the government would, if necessary, adopt further measures in the same direction, and counted upon the firm support of the representatives of the country. A cable telegram reports that Archbishop Ledochowski has been imprisoned.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Although the negotiations between the United States and Spain have resulted in such a settlement of difficulties growing out of the capture of the *Virginius* that no immediate war is apprehended, any facts in regard to the condition of our navy, and our ability to protect our country against hostile invaders, are of special interest at this time. The recent annual report of Secretary Robeson shows that there are now in the navy 165 vessels, carrying, exclusive of howitzers, 1269 guns. Of these forty-eight are iron-clads. It is true that the proper active force of the navy consists only in those vessels which are in commission for sea service, and during the past year there have been but forty-six. Within the past few weeks, however, prompt and vigorous measures have been taken to put our available force in the best possible condition for active and efficient service, so that the United States might be ready to meet any emergency. The navy-yards throughout the country have been filled with the busy hum of energetic work. The last Congress authorized the building of eight new sloops of war, and the work on these is rapidly progressing, four of them being at our navy-yards, three under contract at private yards, and one under private contract in the navy-yard at Kittery. During the year six of our live-oak cruising ships have been undergoing thorough repair, and the iron-clad force has been put in an efficient condition as fast as the means necessary could be spared from the current appropriations for the support of the navy. Scattered over the frequented waters of the globe there is a cruising force of American vessels upon which our citizens rely for help, and, if necessary, for protection, in all foreign countries. These vessels cruise within certain limits, which, as now established, are designated as the European, the Asiatic, the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the North Pacific, and the South Pacific stations. In addition to the special protection due from these vessels to American citizens and American commerce, important cruises have been made—such as the expedition for the survey of the Darien and Nicaragua routes with a view to the construction of an interoceanic canal, and various arctic expeditions.

The Hoosac Tunnel will be ready for use at an early day, as the amount of work to be done on the tunnel and its approaches is comparatively small. The railroad on the east side is finished to within a mile of the tunnel, and the work is progressing on the road between the west end and North Adams. The cost of the tunnel and the roads by which it is approached will be over $12,000,000—that of the tunnel itself about $10,000,000.

The "American University of Philadelphia," which has the reputation of supplying bogus medical diplomas to applicants therefor, is to have its business examined by the State Supreme Court at the next session. Many grave charges are made against the university.

The canal season of 1873 was, according to the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, the shortest on record, the canals having been open to commerce only 188 days. Yet the amount of grain shipped forward from Buffalo by canal is greater than that of any preceding season, with one exception—1862—when the war demand brought forward every bushel of grain that could be spared by the West, and when property could not be shipped with safety by any route south of the Pennsylvania Central Railway. In 1862 the aggregate amount of grain shipped by canal reached 53,258,973 bushels; this year the aggregate has reached 50,796,676 bushels.

The expected famine in India has given rise to various philanthropic measures among the British people for the relief of those who are suffering. Propositions have been made to relieve the starving population by commencing public works for irrigation and other purposes. This idea has been opposed on the ground that by bringing great numbers into a few localities, suffering would be increased, and also on the ground that more food would be required by laborers; that, under ordinary circumstances, only a little rice is necessary for the daily food of the residents of India. It is certainly a subject requiring serious consideration to determine how to supply in the best way food to ten or fifteen millions of starving Hindoos.

The facilities of the government printing-office at Washington are now so extensive that the prompt publication of the proceedings of any day's session of Congress, no matter how voluminous, is assured the following morning, if the copy is promptly furnished. Moreover, the present arrangements are such in regard to economy of labor and material that it is believed that a large proportion of the money hitherto expended in accomplishing the work will be saved to the government.

Cabbage was never so cheap in Newburgh, New York, as during November. The way of it was this: A canal-boat loaded with cabbage-heads sunk in the Hudson River, and the ebb-tide took them down stream one night. Next day the flood-tide reversed their course, and the bay in front of the city of Newburgh was thickly dotted with cabbages. Many families secured their winter supply of the vegetable, and have some to spare.

A London journal announces that Mrs. Brigham Young No. 17 will lecture in that city next January on the moral and social aspects of Mormonism.

There is now a probability that a tunnel will be constructed under the Irish Sea from a point near Belfast to the extremity of the peninsula opposite in Scotland. The length of the proposed work would be about twelve miles, and the estimated cost $23,000,000.

After five months' work in Moab the Palestine Exploration Expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Steever, has attained important results both in the geographical and archæological departments. An accurate map has been made of six hundred square miles of territory in a region of country heretofore unexplored by modern travelers. Many ruins have been visited, sketches made, and copies of inscriptions taken.

The following curious misprint recently occurred in a New York daily paper, under the general heading of "Religious Intelligence:"

"A revival at Mayfield, Kentucky, has given one hundred and fifty *convicts* to the Baptist Church, and one at Paducah, Kentucky, fifty."

Owing to the high price of coal in England, a Sheffield firm has decided to remove its business to the United States, where the process of smelting and converting will be carried on under conditions more favorable to the manufacturer than in England.

The principle of the mixed school has been recognized in Holland for many years so far as elementary departments are concerned, and now the government Higher Burghal School, at Heerenveen, in Friesland, numbers among its twenty-eight pupils nine young ladies.

A pretty good story is told of a wife who, finding that her husband, during the recent financial panic, was desperately in need of several hundred dollars, brought him more than the required amount in United States bonds.

"Why, where in the world did you get this?" said the husband.

"Well, my dear, you went to a Champagne supper seven years ago, and on your return, finding navigation around the room rather difficult, deposited hat, shoes, gloves, and a large roll of bank-bills on the carpet. I put the money away, and waited three weeks for you to inquire if I had seen it, when, finding you were ashamed to do so, I invested it, and here you have it."

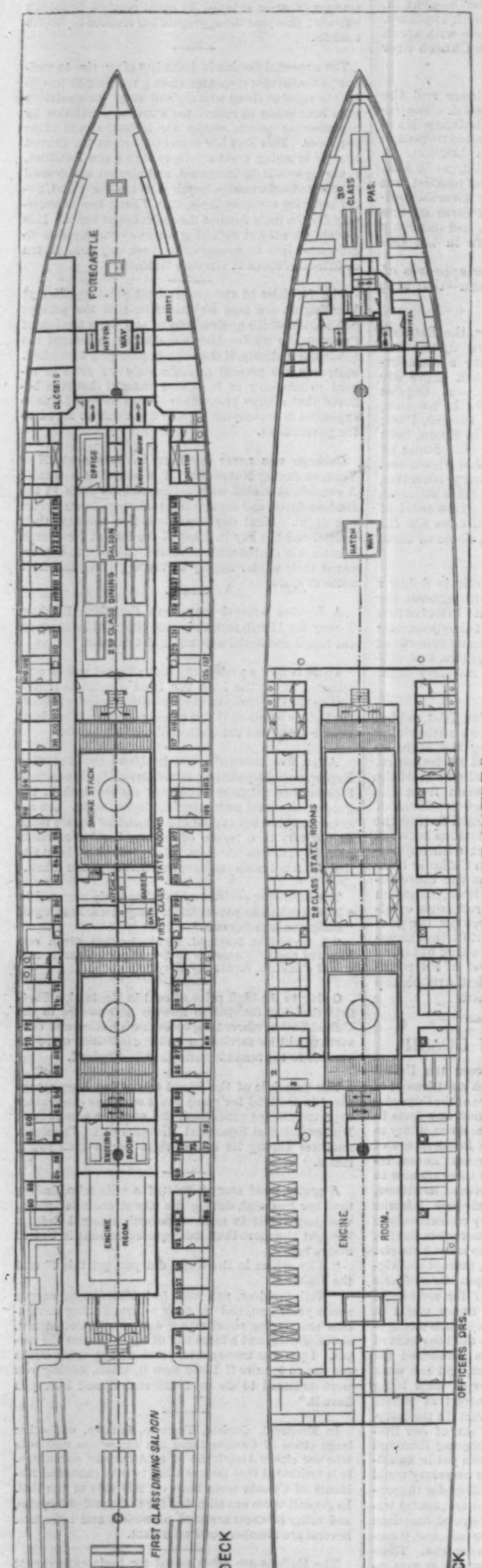
In Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa, and other large cities of Canada there are numerous residents who are either Americans or of American parentage. It is estimated that no less than twenty thousand residents of Canada were born on this side of the line. In general these are all noted for thrift and enterprise, and many of them are men of wealth and influence. Several are members of Parliament.

The Italians are often noted for their extravagant expressions of respect in letter-writing. A correspondent, even of humble position, is addressed as "Most esteemed Sir," "Honorable," "Illustrious," "Most noble," etc. In writing to a tailor or boot-maker it would not be uncommon to address him as "Most illustrious Sir," and sign "Your most devoted." These are usual forms employed by the masses. The following is the literal translation of a letter addressed, after a quarrel, by one angry disputant to another whom he challenged to a duel:

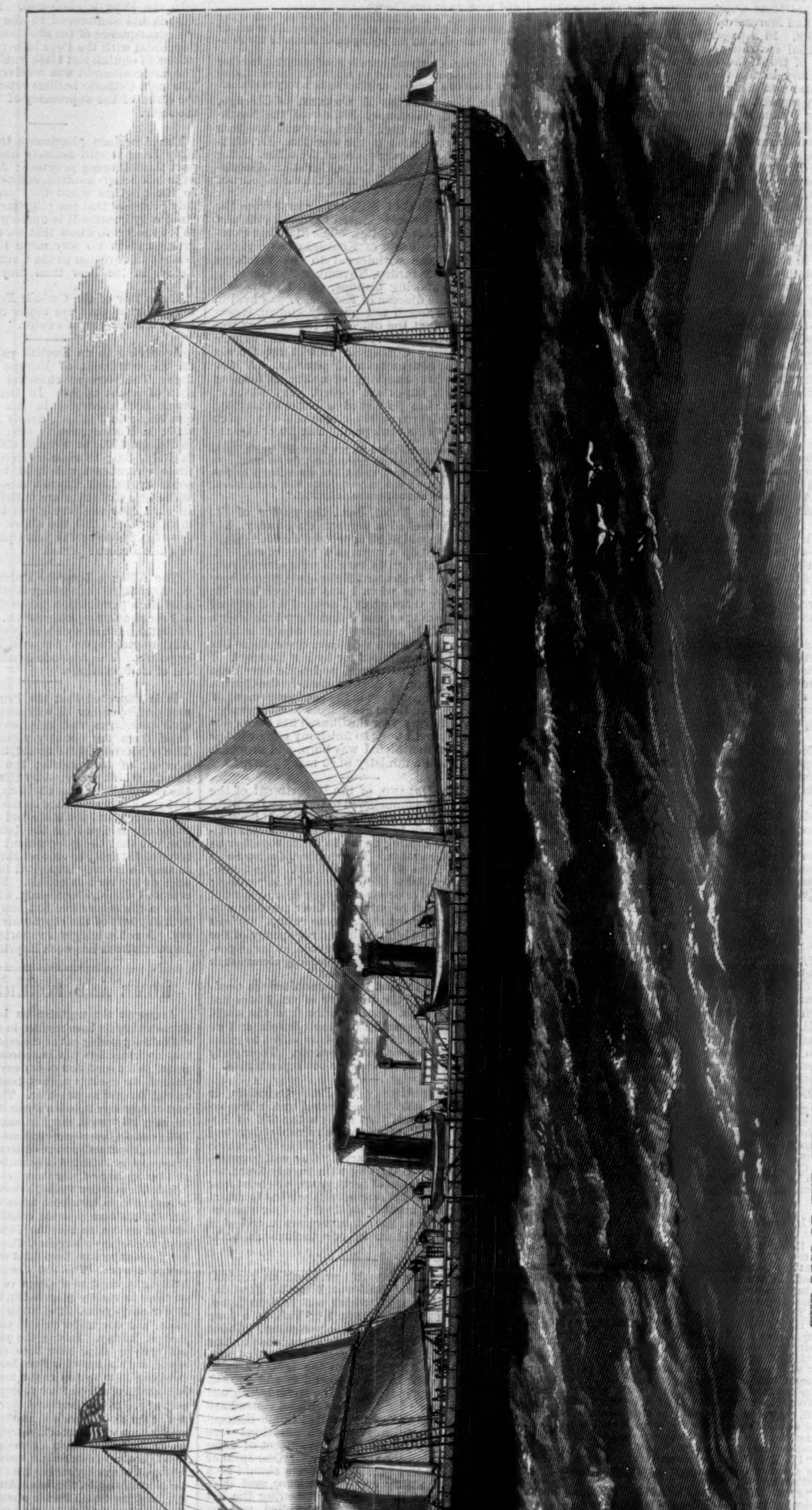
"Most esteemed Sir,—Permit me to inform you that you are a pig. Yes, my beloved one. It is my intention, in a short time, to spoil your beauty either by sword or pistol. The choice shall be left to you, as both weapons are to me quite indifferent. Hoping soon to have the pleasure of a cherished answer, I declare myself to be, honorable Sir,

"Yours, most devotedly, Carlavero."

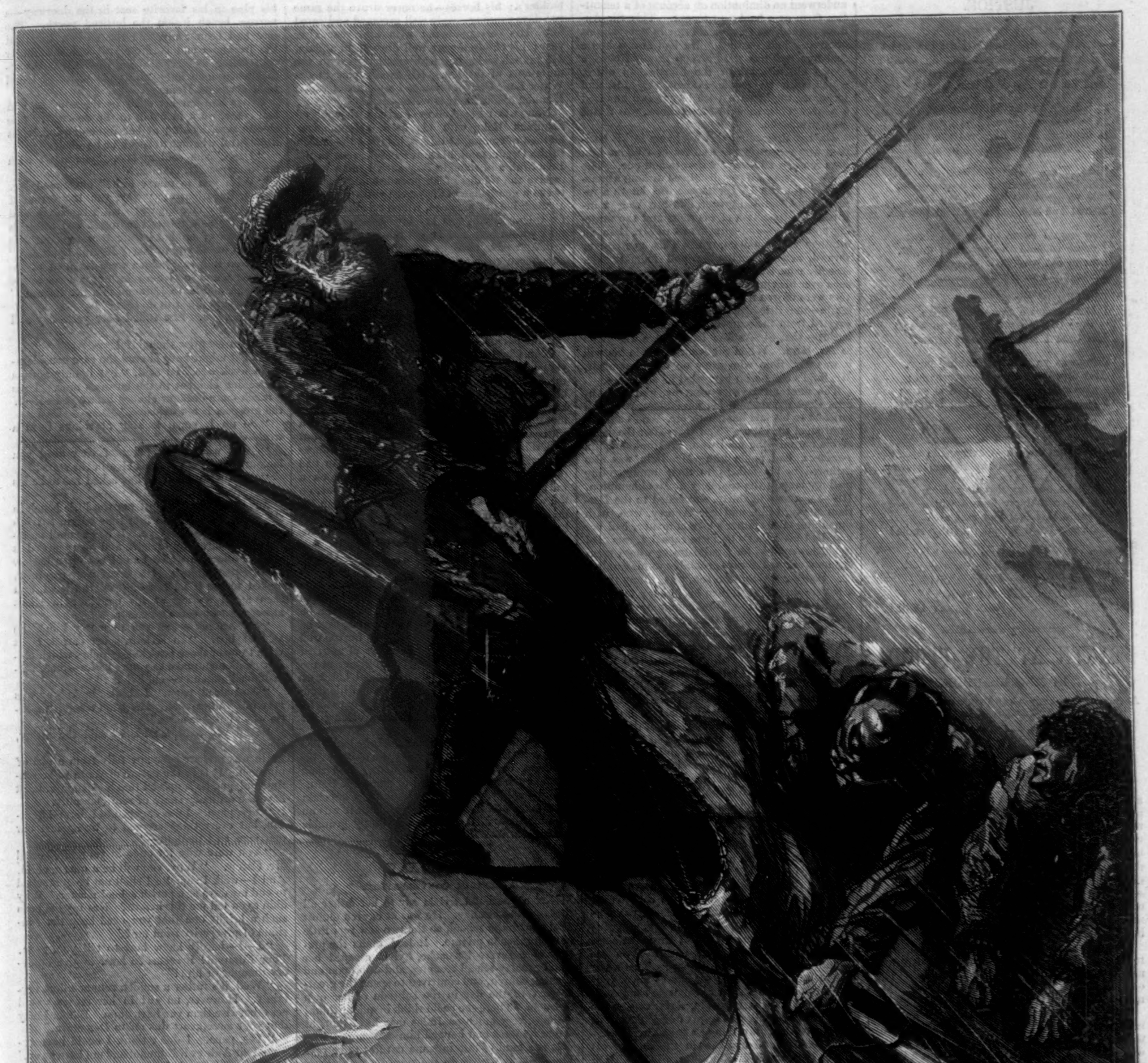
Nearly 650,000 pounds of explosives—nitro-glycerine, dualin, and powder—have been used in penetrating the Hoosac Mountain. Nitro-glycerine has been chiefly effective. Its use was first attempted in connection with the tunnel in 1866, and was successfully introduced in 1868, since which time it has been used with most powerful results. There have been many disasters at the Hoosac Tunnel. Accounts vary as to the whole number killed during the entire progress of the work; but it is generally admitted that the accidents which have occurred in connection with the use of nitro-glycerine have been the result of carelessness. A better understanding of its nature has led in more recent years to greater care in its use every where.



PLAN OF THE LOST STEAMER "VILLE DU HAVRE."



THE LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP "VILLE DU HAVRE"—OUTWARD BOUND.—[See Page 1133.]



ALOFT IN A GALE.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

JUSTICE.

NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

Why, who is this comes down the street
With flashing eyes and flaming sword;
With shoes of swiftness on her feet,
And on her lips a swifter word?

The balance in her hand she bears
Is swayed no more by every wind;
The bandage from her eyes she tears,
For Justice is no longer blind.

"Listen," she cries, "ye sons of men!
Too long I stood upon your towers,
While you, too far beneath my ken,
Defied and mocked my awful powers.

"Now here I come to see and slay;
I come to hold the sword of might,
To make for truth a level sway,
To trample wrong and succor right.

"The fillet of my slavery
I tread beneath my steady feet:
'Tis time that Justice learned to see;
'Tis time I stood on every street.

"Cringe as ye will, ye fawning poor,
And fawning rich, on either hand;
My glance is keen, my stroke is sure;
I come to rule the seething land!"

Ah, friend, so long to man denied,
Prolong thy reign, forever stay!
Fear not the crowd on every side
That hate or dread thy righteous sway.

If earth be not thy dwelling-place,
Yet strive to tarry here a while,
And smite this foul and evil race
With the stern splendor of thy smile!

Sweep clean the land on every hand;
Its reeking millions die for thee!—
She turned on mine her eyes divine:
"Canst thou abide my victory?"

Rose Terry Cooke.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR AUBREY'S LAND STEWARD.

Once having taken the desperate leap which a few days ago he would have hardly believed it possible for him to take, Sir Aubrey was like a man caught in the web of some mystic enchantment. He was in feverish haste to make his bondage secure. The inward conviction that all the world—or all *his* world, which comes to the same thing—would secretly disapprove his new scheme of life goaded him on to the completion of that act, begun in a weak moment of bewilderment. Upon the path which he had taken delay seemed impossible.

"If I give these Hedingham and Monkhampton people time to talk about me, they will torment me to death," he said to himself. "The only plan is to be beforehand with them. My marriage can not take place too soon."

Sir Aubrey's world was a very small one, almost as small as Sylvia Carew's. Yet there were some people in that small world about whose opinion he concerned himself not a little, notwithstanding that they were creatures of an inferior rank, whose approval or disapproval ought to have weighed lightly with him.

The two people of whom he thought most at this important crisis of his life were people whose very lives were, in a manner, dependent upon the light of his countenance. One was Shadrack Bain, his solicitor and land steward. The other was Jean Chapelain, his valet.

Half a century ago the family solicitors of the house of Perriam had been an old-established firm in Lincoln's Inn, men who ranked among the aristocracy of the legal profession, who did every thing in a grand, slow way, kept the title-deeds, wills, and marriage-settlements of their clients in large iron safes that seemed inaccessible to man, so reluctantly were they opened, and who were altogether ponderous and respectable. Half a century ago, therefore, the lord of Perriam would have been outraged by the idea of employing a local solicitor. He had his land steward, or bailiff, a gentleman by birth and education, but not a lawyer; and all leases and contracts, of whatever kind, connected with the Perriam estate, were drawn up and executed in their own tardy style by Messrs. Ferret and Tape, of Lincoln's Inn. Sir Andrew Perriam, however, Sir Aubrey's father, had brought about a change in these things. He was a gentleman of close and even miserly disposition, and soon after inheriting the property had discovered that the keenest pleasure he could derive from its possession would be found in its extension. He added a slip of woodland here, a field or two there, and as the years crept by, and his last map showed a widening boundary line to the lands of Perriam, felt that he had not lived in vain.

Sir Andrew speedily discovered that the gentleman land steward, who hunted three days a week in the season, and kept a pony carriage for his wife and daughters, was a mistake. He was not half sharp enough with the tenants, was much too ready to dip his hand into his employer's pocket for repairs and improvements, instead of squeezing every thing out of the lessees; in fact, demoralized by his own easy life, he had become perniciously indulgent, and criminally indifferent to the interests of his employer. His salary was liberal, and he had thus an assured income, which underwent no diminution on account of a tenantless farm or a bankrupt tenant. This, Sir Andrew argued, was a radical error in the relations of master and steward. He had also a house rent free, and that the Perriam Dower House, a roomy old mansion of the Elizabethan order, which, with its ample gardens, orchards, and meadows, might have been let for two hundred a year. This, thought Sir Andrew, was a still greater mistake.

Having discovered this weakness in his business arrangements, Sir Andrew cast about him for a remedy, and was not slow to find one. The gentleman steward was dismissed without a quarter's notice, the Dower House was let to a retired Monkhampton grocer, and Sir Andrew intrusted the collection of his rents and the drawing up of leases and agreements to Mr. Bain, an attorney at Monkhampton. This gentleman, shrewd, active, conciliating, and indefatigable, speedily contrived to establish a powerful influence over his employer. The Lincoln's Inn lawyers were ousted from their hold on the Perriam estate—the title-deeds, leases, and covenants wrested from their unwilling hands, and all the business that Sir Andrew had to give was given to Mr. Bain. When Sir Andrew made his will it was Mr. Bain who drew up that document, Mr. Bain's clerk who witnessed its signature.

The uneventful years went by, and Sir Andrew slept the sleep of his forefathers, very well satisfied to his last hour with Mr. Bain's administration of the estate. Ten years after the death of his patron—the man who, in Monkhampton *parlance*, had made him—Mr. Bain was also gathered to his fathers in their unpretending resting-place in the cemetery at Monkhampton. His son, a man of thirty, succeeded to the Perriam stewardship, and Sir Aubrey, who, with something of his father's love of money, had not inherited his father's business capacity, was glad to put his trust in an administrator whose management seemed always profitable to his employer. Shadrack Bain, the son, was, if any thing, a better administrator than his father; for, from the time he left the Monkhampton Grammar School, at fourteen years of age, the Perriam estate had been the one all-absorbing thought of his mind. He knew it was the chief heritage to which he was to succeed. He knew that whatever his father might have saved out of his income had to be divided among a family of five, two sons and three daughters, while the Perriam stewardship was to descend intact to him, the eldest. There could be no division of that stewardship. Peter, the younger son, had been educated at a local college for Baptist preachers, was an advanced Baptist, and aspired to the honorable position of minister in the little chapel in Water Lane, one of the by-streets of Monkhampton. The Bains had been Baptists almost from the establishment of that sect.

Shadrack Bain knew every rood of ground within the boundary of Sir Aubrey's land. From the summit of a distant hill he could point with his whip-handle to every bush, or knoll, or bank, or poplar, that indicated the dividing line between the property of Sir Aubrey and his neighboring land-owners. "My father negotiated the purchase of yonder fallow," he would say, proudly; "sixteen acres two roods and three perches, and bought it uncommonly cheap. You see the three poplars at the corner? That's our boundary. Nothing like poplars to mark your line—grow quick, and cast very little shadow."

He was a good farmer, Mr. Bain, though his direct and personal experience of agriculture was confined to the cultivation of a neat kitchen-garden, orchard, and meadow in the rear of his square, substantial dwelling-house in the High Street of Monkhampton. But he had read all the best books upon agriculture; before he was twenty he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every improvement in agricultural implements; he had surveyed every farm within a day's journey of Monkhampton; had gone the round of the Perriam estate with his father as often as opportunity permitted; and in keenness of vision, and clearness of comprehension, and knowledge of the subject, was as good a farmer as he was a lawyer.

This man was now, for all practical purposes, master of the Perriam Manor.

Sir Aubrey knew about as much of farming or the capabilities of the estate as he knew of the buried relics of Troja. So long as there was no fluctuation or falling off in his income he was tolerably satisfied. His eye was pleased with the neat and picturesque appearance of the estate as he rode his brown cob, Splinter, between the green banks of those sheltered lanes which intersected his domain. In one thing only did he and Mr. Bain differ. Sir Aubrey forbade the cutting down of a single tree, while Shadrack was, in his heart of hearts, for the stubbing-up system, and grumbled sorely at those fine old oaks and spreading beeches which made the beauty of the landscape, and soured the land beneath their dense leafage.

Things had gone well with Shadrack Bain. He had married young, and eminently to his own advantage, though the Bain family affected to consider that Shadrack had condescended somewhat when he married Miss Dawker, eldest daughter of William Dawker, the Monkhampton grocer and provision dealer, who supplied all the surrounding unions and public institutions, and whose trade was altogether rather wholesale than retail.

Mr. Dawker had died shortly after his daughter's marriage, and Mrs. Bain inherited her portion of six thousand pounds sterling, which, judiciously invested in cottage property, produced five hundred a year. Shadrack was, therefore, in some measure, an independent man, and Monkhampton esteemed him accordingly. His house was one of the best in the town; his garden a pattern of neatness; his dog-cart fresh and bright, as if newly come from the coach-builder's; his horses—he never drove the same two days running—were well groomed and cared for. His servants staid with him year after year; his children were well dressed, in a plain, substantial style, but with small regard to the mutations of fashion. His family pew in the Water Lane Chapel presented a picture of which Monkhampton Baptists were proud.

Now, when Sir Aubrey Perriam thought of Shadrack Bain, with his hard, commonplace method of coming at things, his rooted objection to the Ornamental, his utter indifference to the Beautiful, and thought how such a man would receive the tidings of an intended marriage between a gentleman of fifty-seven years of age and a young lady of nineteen, whose sole distinction, for vulgar minds, was her lovely face, his heart sank within him, and he felt that he would have a disagreeable business to go through when he announced to Mr. Bain the fact of his engagement with Sylvia Carew.

Yet it would be necessary to acquaint his steward and solicitor with that fact before the marriage took place. Some kind of settlement there must be, though Sylvia was penniless. Mr. Bain was the person to draw up that settlement.

Jean Chapelain, the valet, was another individual who exercised a stronger influence over the mind of his master than Sir Aubrey would have cared to admit. An elderly bachelor, who keeps very little company, and passes some months of every year in the close quarters of a Parisian *entresol*, is apt to make his body-servant something of a companion. Chapelain's education was in advance of his position. He had read a good deal, in a desultory way, took a warm interest in European politics, and was, on the whole, a good deal better informed than his master. If Sir Aubrey wanted to talk, he could hardly talk to any one better worthy to be honored with his conversation than the valet.

Thus, for the last twenty years, Jean Chapelain and his master had lived in close companionship. Into Jean's sympathetic ears Sir Aubrey had poured the elderly bachelor's philosophical reflections upon life and humanity. To Jean he had declared, not once, but many times, that he valued the privileges of a single man far too well to barter them for the unknown joys of married life. Jean and he had laughed together at the folly of elderly Benedicks, the cynical laugh of men who had both drawn their views of life from that deep well of worldly wit and worldly wisdom, the writings of the most brilliant worldling the light ever shone upon, Voltaire.

To confess to Jean Chapelain that he had fallen in love, and was going to marry the object of his affection, would be more humiliating even than to make the same confession to Shadrack Bain.

But happily, reflected Sir Aubrey, Chapelain need know nothing of the marriage till it was an accomplished fact. He could hardly grumble much then.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SERIOUS CONVERSATION.

Not a word did Sylvia say to her father all through that Sunday. He was at church almost all day with the school, so the two saw very little of each other in private. Indeed, under the pretext of a severe headache, Sylvia escaped her usual Sunday-school teaching and afternoon and evening church, and contrived to spend the greater part of the day in the solitude of her own bedroom. There she could think in quiet; think, perhaps, very much as Judas may have thought before he went and hanged himself.

It is a kind of fate in some natures to betray. Falsehood is written in the stars that rule their destiny.

Sylvia thought of Mrs. Standen's indignation, and was angry with the lady for conduct which certainly appeared inconsistent.

"She ought to have thanked me for her son's release, instead of turning upon me like that," the girl said to herself, as she meditated upon that unpleasant scene with the lady who was to have been her mother-in-law.

After all, it was something to have got the interview over—to have cleared the ground for her new engagement. Who could tell how soon Hedingham might know of that wondrous change in her position? It would be her desire to keep the affair a secret as long as possible. But would Sir Aubrey or her father be likely to indulge this fancy of hers?

There remained the letter to be written to Edmund—the cruel, treacherous letter, in which, masking self-interest under an affectation of generosity, she was to give him up. His first letter to her had breathed only deepest trust and purest love. Her first letter to him would deal a death-blow to his dearest hopes.

Even though she was born to betray, it pained her to write that letter.

The composition was a work of art. It would have been difficult to read between the lines that told only of womanly forethought and self-abnegation, and to discover the mercenary spirit which prompted that renunciation. The letter seemed almost heroic. And here truth assisted falsehood. The pangs with which Sylvia surrendered her lover were real enough. She did not forsake him without bitterest pain, harder to bear than the sorrow of an unselfish soul which, out of pure magnanimity, foregoes its dearest joy.

The letter was written; and it was a relief to think that some time must elapse ere it reached Edmund Standen's hands. The mail would only leave Southampton ten days hence. The passage of the letter to Demerara would take three weeks. There was breathing-time therefore.

"Perhaps, being so entirely separated from me, and having leisure for reflection, he may have begun to regret his folly; and my letter may come to him almost as a relief," thought Sylvia, self-excusingly.

On Monday evening the school-master smoked his pipe in his favorite seat in the doorway—a narrow bench inside the latticed porch. The day had been rainy, and the garden breathed the freshness and perfume that follow summer rain—sweet as incense rising from old Greek altars when man knew no higher Giver of Good than Zeus and Demeter.

Sylvia had left her chair by the window, and had come, work in hand, to the doorway. She stood there, looking at her father curiously, as if doubtful whether to speak or be silent.

"Papa," she said at last, "you don't wish me to marry Mr. Standen?"

"Wish you to marry him!" exclaimed Mr. Carew, impatiently; "why, you know that I have set my face against such a marriage, and that so far as a father can forbid any thing in these days of unfilial indifference to a father's wishes, I forbid you to marry Edmund Standen."

"Even if Mrs. Standen were inclined to relent, papa, and to give a reluctant consent to the marriage, and leave Edmund half her fortune?"

"Is she inclined to do that?"

"Yes, papa. She called here yesterday and told me so."

Mr. Carew grew thoughtful.

"That might have altered the case considerably a week ago," he said, "but it only adds a perplexing element to the business now. I see a much more brilliant chance before you—if—if the prospect is not delusive."

"So do I, papa, looking at things from a worldly point of view."

"From what other point of view need you look at things? We don't live in the stars!"

"Sir Aubrey Perriam has asked me to be his wife, papa."

Mr. Carew started up from the little bench in the porch, and, for the first time within Sylvia's memory, dropped his pipe. It was a small meerschaum, colored by himself, and he regarded it with an affection which he did not often bestow upon sentient things. He picked it up carefully, looked to see if he had chipped the bowl, and then stood staring at his daughter in silent amazement for some moments.

"Sir Aubrey asked you to marry him?" he said at last. "In serious, sober earnest? It wasn't one of those senseless speeches which elderly gentlemen make to young ladies—mere old-fashioned gallantry—eh, Sylvia?"

"No indeed, papa. I think Sir Aubrey was very much in earnest. His hand trembled a little when he took mine."

"And you accepted him?" said the father, sharply.

He was prepared for any folly from a girl of nineteen. It is in the nature of youth to be sentimental, and he supposed that his daughter must have the ordinary share of sentimentality.

"Yes, papa. I was engaged to Edmund Standen, but every thing seemed to be against our marriage, so I thought—"

"You were wise for once in your life," cried Mr. Carew. "Why, you will be a queen, child. And I—well, I suppose I shall not be compelled to end my days as a parish school-master. Why didn't you tell me this before? Has my life been such a bright one that you need keep the sunshine of prosperity from me?"

"I—I—hardly knew how to tell you, papa. Poor Edmund! it seems so hard to give up every thought of him!"

"Well, it's rather a sudden renunciation, certainly. However, no girl in her senses would act otherwise than you have done. Rather lucky that your sweetheart was off to Demerara."

"Yes, papa. I don't think I could have accepted Sir Aubrey if Edmund had not been away."

"I suppose Sir Aubrey means to explain himself to me to-morrow."

"I think he is coming here to-night, papa."

"Then you had better clear out of the way. We must have our talk alone."

"Very well, papa; I'll go to Mary Peter's. I want to see the dress she's making for Miss Jane Toynbee. Oh, how nice it will be when I have new dresses of my own! Oh, by-the-bye, papa, if Sir Aubrey should want to fix the date of our marriage—he would hardly wish to do that yet a while, but if he should—make it as far off as you can. I don't want the Standens quite to despise me, as they would if they knew that I had jilted Edmund in order to marry Sir Aubrey."

"Defer the marriage! Yes, and give Sir Aubrey time to alter his mind or to die in the interval, and then you would realize the old adage of 'between two stools.' No, Sylvia, if Sir Aubrey wishes for a short engagement, I shall not be insane enough to propose delay."

Sylvia sighed, thought of all the joys that must attend the translation from poverty to wealth, and submitted. She put on her hat, and ran off to spend half an hour among the cuttings of silk and lining and open papers of pins which bestrewed Mary Peter's humble apartment on a busy evening. What would poor Mary Peter say if she heard of this new engagement? There had been talk enough and astonishment enough about Edmund Standen's subjugation, but this latter conquest was as far above the first as yonder evening-star, shining softly above the cypress, surpasses the feeble lustre of village lamps. Sylvia did not mean to tell her humble confidante about the change in her circumstances yet a while.

Mr. Carew had not been alone ten minutes before he heard the click of the latch, and the garden gate opened to admit Sir Aubrey Perriam. The school-master had been wondering, with sore perplexity, whether that proposal whereof Sylvia had just informed him had been really a serious offer, or only one of those florid, meaningless compliments which gentlemen of the old school are apt to indulge in.

The sight of that gray-haired figure in the summer dusk set his heart beating at a gallop. The whole thing had seemed too good to be true.

But this appearance of the baronet seemed to confirm Sylvia's statement.

James Carew emptied the ashes out of his pipe, and dropped that treasure into the pocket of his well-worn velveteen shooting-jacket. Sir Aubrey came up the garden path.

"Good-evening, Mr. Carew," said the visitor, in his low, bland tones. "All alone? Miss Carew is out, I suppose," he added, looking into the parlor through the wide-open casement.

"Yes, Sylvia has gone to see one of her friends in the village. She has very few friends, poor child, and the one or two she does associate with are hardly congenial spirits. But my poor girl has a soft, clinging nature, and must have something to love."

"I regret to lose the pleasure of seeing her," said Sir Aubrey, "yet I am not very sorry she is absent. I want to have a little serious talk with you, Mr. Carew. Your daughter has told you the motive of this visit, perhaps."

"She hinted at something which I could hardly believe possible. I thought my poor child, in utter ignorance of the world, might naturally mistake gallantry for—for—"

"For affection," said Sir Aubrey. "I am not skilled in the art of gallantry, Mr. Carew, and when I spoke to your daughter the other night—too hastily, perhaps—I spoke straight from my heart."

"And your words went straight home to hers, Sir Aubrey," answered the school-master, with feeling. "Need I say how deeply I feel the honor you have conferred upon my daughter? Yet when I reflect upon the disparity—"

"In our ages?" said Sir Aubrey, quickly.

"No, Sir Aubrey, in your social position. If I objected to my daughter's union with a banker's son whose family opposed the marriage, have I not still stronger reason to object to a marriage which all the county will condemn?"

"Do you imagine, Sir, that I exist only to please my neighbors?" cried Sir Aubrey, haughtily. "The lady I choose for my wife, Sir, ascends at once to my own level, and let me see any lady or gentleman in this county who will presume to disparage her. Come, Mr. Carew, let us discuss this subject from a business point of view. I have proposed for your daughter's hand, and she has done me the honor to accept me without reserve. The preliminaries of the marriage are all that you and I have to settle."

"Will you take a seat, Sir Aubrey, and allow me to light the candles?" said Mr. Carew, leading the way into the dusky parlor.

"You needn't light candles. We can talk just as well in the twilight," said the visitor, seating himself just within the doorway.

Mr. Carew was not sorry to remain in that friendly half-light. Who could tell what questions the baronet might intend to ask him—questions upon which his daughter's future fortunes might depend—questions which might tax his ingenuity to the uttermost to answer satisfactorily? It was some advantage to keep his face in the shadow.

"When a man of my age makes such a proposal as I have made to your daughter," began Sir Aubrey, "it is only natural to suppose that he is moved by a deep and powerful feeling. I have heard of love as swift and sudden as this love of mine, and ridiculed it, many a time before to-day. I now confess, in all humility, that I underrated the power of the god. He has avenged himself upon my infidelity, and has transformed the unbeliever into a fanatic."

He paused, sighed gently, as if regretting his own abasement, and then went on, in the same half-meditative tone.

"You say the county, which has its own standard of right, will take objection to my marriage with your daughter, Mr. Carew. I am prepared for that. I will go further, and say I know that they will ridicule my infatuation, set me down as a dotard, at fifty-seven years of age, laugh at the old man and his fair young wife. In answer to all this I can only say that I know my own heart, and that it is not mere admiration for your daughter's beauty which has influenced my conduct. I should despise myself could I think that I had been caught by a pretty face, like the brainless moth which seeks its destruction in the flame that dazzles and allures it. No, Mr. Carew; I love your daughter honestly and sincerely, in all purity and truth, and I am willing to trust the remnant of my days to her keeping."

"Nay, Sir Aubrey: at fifty-seven a man has hardly passed the prime of life."

"Have you any objection to offer to this marriage, Sir?" asked Sir Aubrey, with a stately condescension, as if fully aware that the question was an empty courtesy.

"Objection!—I am deeply honored by your choice. I feel more pride than I can venture to express, lest I should lapse into seeming servility."

"Not another word, Mr. Carew. I feel that, however humble your present position may be, you were born to occupy a better one."

"I was, Sir Aubrey. My father was a merchant of some standing, who sent me to Eton and Oxford, and suffered me to marry and begin life with the idea that I was a man of independent means. His failure and death within three years of my poor Sylvia's birth left me a pauper. This employment, humble though it is, was the best that offered itself to the ruined Oxonian, who had neither trade nor profession. You may say, perhaps, that I might in all these years have endeavored to improve my condition. I can only answer that whatever energies I ever had were deadened by the blow that reduced me from delusive affluence to actual poverty. The little I can earn here has sufficed to maintain my child and myself. The retired life has suited my habits and inclinations; and thus I have never taken arms against a sea of troubles, but have rather preferred the obscurity of this peaceful haven."

"I understand," said Sir Aubrey. "And you had no wife to share or lighten your struggles. She died before your misfortunes?"

"Yes, my wife was dead."

"I inferred as much."

There was a pause. Sir Aubrey had something more to say, but hardly knew how to say it. He was a rich man, and he had told himself that this Mr. Carew might entertain an exaggerated notion of a wealthy bridegroom's liberality. He might count upon profiting to some large extent by his daughter's union with the lord of the manor. It was for Sir Aubrey to undeceive him at once upon this point.

"Your daughter having done me the honor to accept me, and there being no impediment to our marriage, it appears to me, Mr. Carew, that the event can not take place too soon, unless, indeed, Sylvia should desire delay—a wish which I should infinitely regret, for where there is so great a disparity of years that wish might indicate uncertainty of purpose."

"My daughter has no such wish, Sir Aubrey," replied Mr. Carew, promptly; "but a woman can hardly pass from the position of my daughter to that of your wife without some trifling preparations in the way of *trousseau*."

"Of course. But in all her arrangements I hope Miss Carew will remember that I am a man of the simplest habits, that I see hardly any society, and that I utterly abhor the frivolities of fashion."

"I have no doubt that she will be proud to be ruled by your superior judgment in all things," replied the school-master, who was beginning to feel a shade of anxiety. There had been, so far, not a syllable that hinted at any improvement in his own circumstances. Sir Aubrey had not uttered the important word settlement. And it was a word which Mr. Carew felt could hardly issue from his lips. To betray his expectation of profit from the marriage would seem like bargaining for the price of his daughter.

While he was meditating this, somewhat uncomfortably, Sir Aubrey relieved his doubts by becoming business-like.

"With regard to settlements," he said, "I conclude that as you can give nothing to your daughter, you will not entertain any exaggerated expectations upon that point. I will freely own to you that I do not understand or approve the modern system of making a wife independent of her husband. Dependence is one of woman's sweetest attributes—her most winning charm. I should not like my wife—were she a nobleman's daughter—to possess an independent income during my lifetime. I shall, therefore, settle nothing upon Sylvia."

Mr. Carew's heart grew heavy. Why, at this rate, Edmund Standen might have been a better match than Sir Aubrey.

"But I shall settle two or three thousand a year—say, five thousand—upon my widow. When I die Sylvia shall have that income, and the Dower House, now let off, and worth two hundred a year."

"Sir Aubrey," said the school-master, with a dignified air, "far be it from me to dispute the justice or the generosity of any decision you may arrive at. I am certainly inclined to think that for my daughter's future comfort, and your exemption from small worries, it might have been wise for you to settle upon her some moderate allowance in the way of pin-money, were it only three or four hundred a year, which would have made her independent, so far as concerns a woman's trifling requirements."

"A woman's trifling requirements!" echoed Sir Aubrey; "you don't mean to tell me that your daughter, brought up in this cottage, would require three or four hundred a year to buy gowns and bonnets?"

"Certainly not, Sir Aubrey. But charity makes a large item in a lady's expenditure, and Sylvia, as the mistress of Perriam, could hardly come to you for every half crown she wanted to give to a sick cottager."

"Good heavens, Sir!" cried the baronet, "do you suppose that I can not make my wife an allowance for pocket-money, when she is my wife, without binding myself to pay her so many hundreds a year upon a piece of stamped parchment before I marry her? I will amply provide for your daughter in the event of my death; but I will never consent to render her independent of my bounty during my lifetime."

The school-master murmured a vague assent, but felt more and more uncomfortable. "How am I to profit by such a marriage?" he wondered. "Am I to sit in the gate like Mordecai, and to be not a jot better off for my daughter's advancement?"

Again Sir Aubrey came to his relief.

"As regards yourself, Mr. Carew," he began, graciously, "I have reflected that it could hardly be satisfactory to you to occupy your present position—honorable as that position is—when your daughter is Lady Perriam. I shall therefore request you to accept a hundred a year, which I shall be very happy to remit to you by quarterly payments, in lieu of your present stipend, and which will enable you to live in quiet independence"—the baronet was about to say "elsewhere," but checked himself lest the phrase should sound like a sentence of banishment—"in any locality most agreeable to yourself."

"You are very good, Sir Aubrey. I place my future entirely at your disposal," answered the school-master.

"A hundred a year! A poor pittance, although twice as good as my present income," he thought, deeply disappointed by the baronet's narrow views on the subject of settlements. He had fancied that an elderly lover would be lavish—ready to empty his coffers at the feet of his idol. And here was Sir Aubrey, driving as hard a bargain as if he had been Shadrack Bain, cheapening a herd of store oxen at Monkhampton cattle fair.

A hundred a year! It seemed a pitiful result of such a wondrous event as the baronet's subjugation. Mr. Carew could only comfort himself with the idea that Sylvia, once married, must assuredly acquire some power over her husband's purse, and that it would be hard if her father were not something the better for her altered fortunes.

"You spoke just now of Sylvia's *trousseau*," said Sir Aubrey, who felt more at his ease now that he had expounded his views. "I have not forgotten that necessity. Perhaps you will contrive to give your daughter this little packet without offending her delicacy. It contains a hundred pounds in bank-notes."

James Carew took the small parcel, and his faded face flushed faintly at the mere thought of its contents. How long it was since he had held as much money in his hand. The day had been when a hundred pounds would have made an insignificant item in the vast sum of his needs; but of late years sovereigns had been as drops of his heart's blood, so dear had it cost him to part with them.

"I shall be obliged if you will bear in mind what I said just now about simplicity of attire," said Sir Aubrey, when Mr. Carew had murmured his acknowledgment of the lover's first gift. "A woman can not be too plainly dressed for my taste; nor does Sylvia's beauty need adornment."

Sylvia opened the gate while her elderly lover was speaking, and came across the dusky garden. Sir Aubrey went out to meet her, almost as eager as if he had been twenty-five instead of fifty-seven. Business-like and deliberate as he had been in the adjustment of monetary questions, he became enthusiastic at sight of Sylvia.

"My sweet one," he said, detaining her in the garden, "I have seen your father, and settled every thing. And now I want you to name the happy day that is to make us one."

That sudden appeal made Sylvia tremble. What, was her doom so near? She had thought it a grand thing to be Lady Perriam while that change of fortune appeared still distant. She had forsworn herself—renounced her lover—become a renegade. Yet at the near approach of that brilliant fortune for which she had sacrificed all lesser things there came a revulsion of feeling. If she could by any possibility have drawn back at this last moment, she would have done it, recalled her renunciation of Edmund, become once more the happy girl who had pillowed her head upon her lover's breast, and felt herself brave enough to face even poverty for his sake.

But it was all too late for turning back. Sir Aubrey's patrician hand had drawn hers gently through his arm with an air of proprietorship.

"Let it be as soon as possible, my dear," he said, in a tone that was half lover-like, half fatherly; "the autumn will soon be upon us, and I should like to spend September in Paris. I am always glad to get away from the falling leaves."

Paris seemed a name of enchantment to this untraveled girl. Not Damascus, Balsora, or Bagdad—no city she had ever read of in the *Arabian Nights*—could have more the sound of a fairy tale.

"I should like to see Paris," she said, forgetting her tardy remorse.

"We will spend our honey-moon there, love!" replied the baronet, who had made up his mind about it before he came to woo. It would be an inexpensive honey-moon. Lodgment in his *entresol* would cost him nothing. There would only be some slight difference in the terms of his contract with the *traiteur* who supplied his table.

"Your father agrees with me that there is no motive for delay, except for the brief time you may require to have two or three dresses made," said Sir Aubrey. "We will be married very quietly in yonder church some morning before any of the village gossips have had time to discover our intention."

"That will be nice," said Sylvia, somewhat listlessly; "but I should have liked a few months' delay."

"A few months! What for?"

The question was embarrassing.

"How can you be sure that you really care for me—that your regard for me is any thing more than a passing fancy?" she faltered, after a pause.

"I have no doubt as to *my* feelings," replied Sir Aubrey, with offended dignity. "Perhaps it is you who are doubtful about yours."

"No, indeed!" cried Sylvia, quickly. Not for worlds must she offend him. Was not the die cast? She might keep back her letter to Edmund, which was not yet posted, but she could not undo her interview with Mrs. Standen. The next mail would doubtless carry a full account of that interview to her lover. And was it likely he would forgive her for having rejected his mother's offered friendship—for having renounced him deliberately in the very hour of his mother's relenting? Sylvia felt that Edmund was lost to her, and that there was nothing for her between marriage with Sir Aubrey and ignominious downfall.

Reflection showed her that her own interest demanded a speedy marriage. What would be her position if Edmund came back and denounced her? He might be cruel enough to tell Sir Aubrey how fondly she had loved him; with what oft-repeated vows she had sworn to be true. What might not a betrayed lover do to proclaim her baseness? The best possible shelter would be Sir Aubrey's name. No one would dare to assail or to insult Sir Aubrey Perriam's wife.

"Come, Sylvia," said the baronet, tenderly, "if you love me ever so little, you will not ask for delay. It is in your power to make my life very happy. Why should not my happiness begin as soon as it can? Remember, my sweet one, when you accepted my offer the other night you linked your life with mine. You can hardly unlink it again, unless you really repent your promise."

"No, no. I do not repent. I am honored, proud, happy, in the knowledge of your love."

"Then we will be married this day month," said Sir Aubrey, sealing the bond with a courteous kiss.

Sylvia made no objection. It is not for the beggar-girl to dictate to King Cophetua.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRACKING RABBITS.

THE first fall of snow in the country is the signal for young and enthusiastic Nimrods to seek the woods to hunt rabbits, which can be easily tracked by their peculiar foot-prints in the light covering which overspreads the ground. Their favorite places of resort at this season are the clear spaces under the shelter of stumps and logs, where the evergreens on which they love to feed may most easily be found. The young sportsmen in our illustration on page 1132 are evidently familiar with the habits of their unconscious victims, and quite ready to take advantage of them.

HARD TIMES—RENT-DAY.

OUR illustration on page 1140 presents one of the many sorrowful incidents in the life of the poor during hard times like the present, when work is scarce, and every penny that can be earned is required to buy the fuel and food necessary to keep cold and hunger from the door. Hundreds and thousands in great cities like New York, unable to find steady employment, are at the present time suffering for want of the common necessaries of life. The coal, the food, the clothing, without which they would perish, consume their chance and scanty earnings, and the dreaded rent-day too often finds them without the means to prevent their being turned out into the street, or forced to take refuge in some wretched tenement garret or cellar wholly unfit for human beings to live in. Fortunate are the poor who have compassionate landlords willing to wait for their rent until better times come round again.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon Pure Universalism was preached, started Westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of Cayenne in his pocket to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met, and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus: "Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that 'ere red salt, for I'm kind o' curious to try it." "Certainly," returned the parson, "but you will find it rather powerful: be careful how you use it." The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whisky, thought he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a chunk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "Fire!" "Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson. "Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, then suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming with water, exclaimed, "Stranger, you call yourself a 'Versalist, I believe?" "I do," mildly answered the parson. "Well, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell fire in your breeches pocket."

A learned naturalist thinks the unicorn is so called because of his unique horn.

A sufferer suggests an improvement in the orthography of the word panics. He thinks it would be better to spell it *pay-nix!*

"John Paul" is convinced that "it is sound business judgment to avoid the vicinity of any animal whose skin is so short that he can't drop his ears without raising his heels, the more so if he happens to be so particularly lively that he can go through both motions at once."

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN LOAF—Give him a gallon of whisky.

"Doctor wants to know if you will please pay this bill now?" Old gentleman looks over the items, and replies, "Tell Doctor I'll pay him for his medicine and return his visits."

It is now announced, on the authority of that "eminent physician," that it is not healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives can rise at seven and start the fire as heretofore.

A Providence woman carries a sweet cherub of a boy with her in the horse-cars, and while the lady passengers are fondling the little dear its mother goes through their pockets.

HOW TO MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP—Wash him.

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' An echo answered, 'Is that you, Patrick M'Carthy?'"

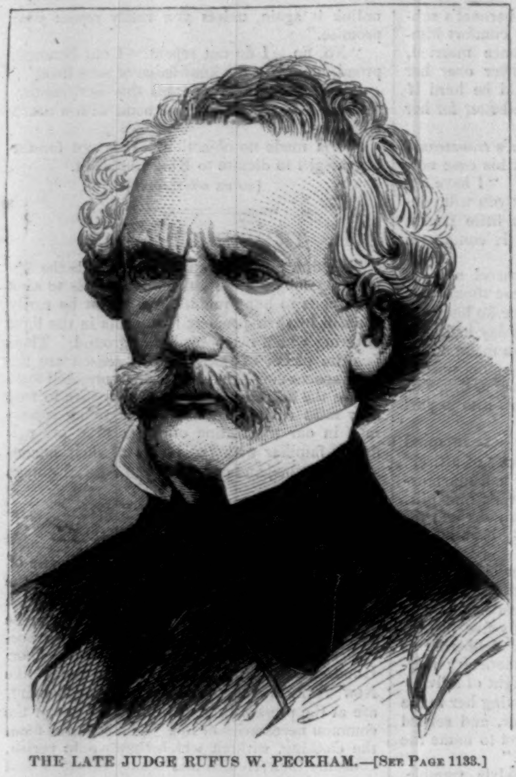
A little four-year-old girl who had "been there," gives the following recipe for vaccination: "Scrape your arm a little; scrape it till it hurts; put in a little putty; let it dry; and that's all, till it takes."

"No cows, no cream," was the way an intelligent compositor set up the words, "No cross, no crown."

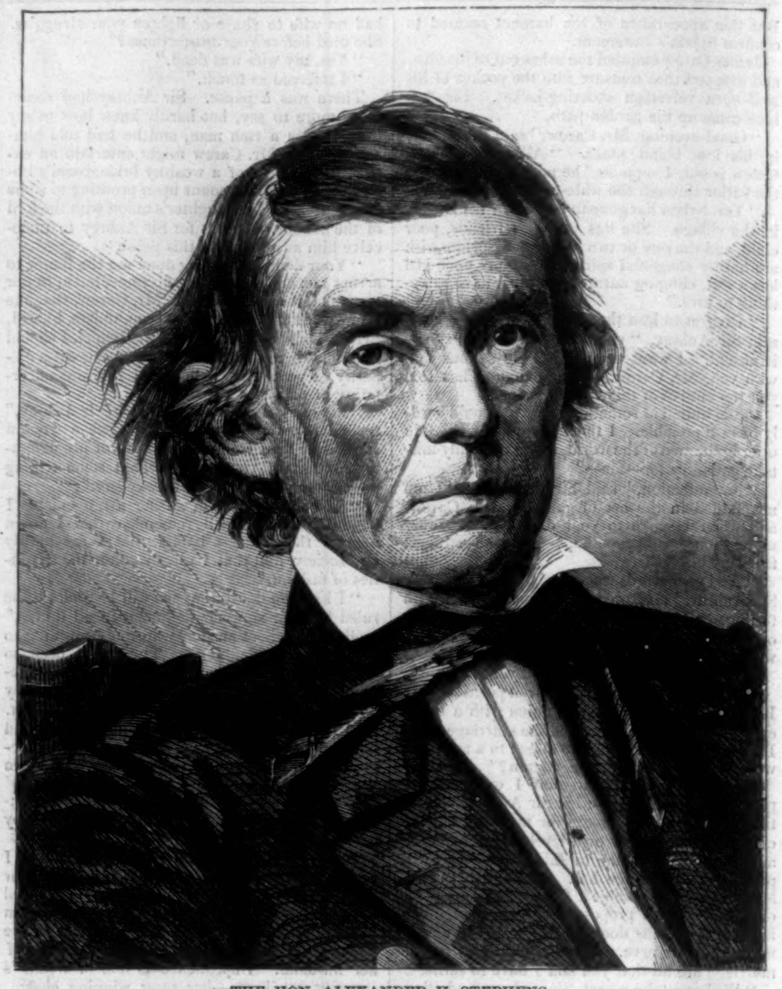
The inventor of bricks of ice-cream is now applying his massive intellect to the manufacture of bricks of milk-punch, which will be so put up as to be convenient for carrying in the hat.

Perhaps it was not amusing to see John the other night, singing contentedly to himself, and crumbling bread into a bowl of starch which his wife had placed in the pantry, and saying there was nothing like bread-and-milk after all.

A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water, took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover his mistake until he had swallowed the dose, when he lifted up both hands and exclaimed, "Verily I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people. What will Abigail say when she smells my breath?"



THE LATE JUDGE RUFUS W. PECKHAM.—[SEE PAGE 1133.]



THE HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

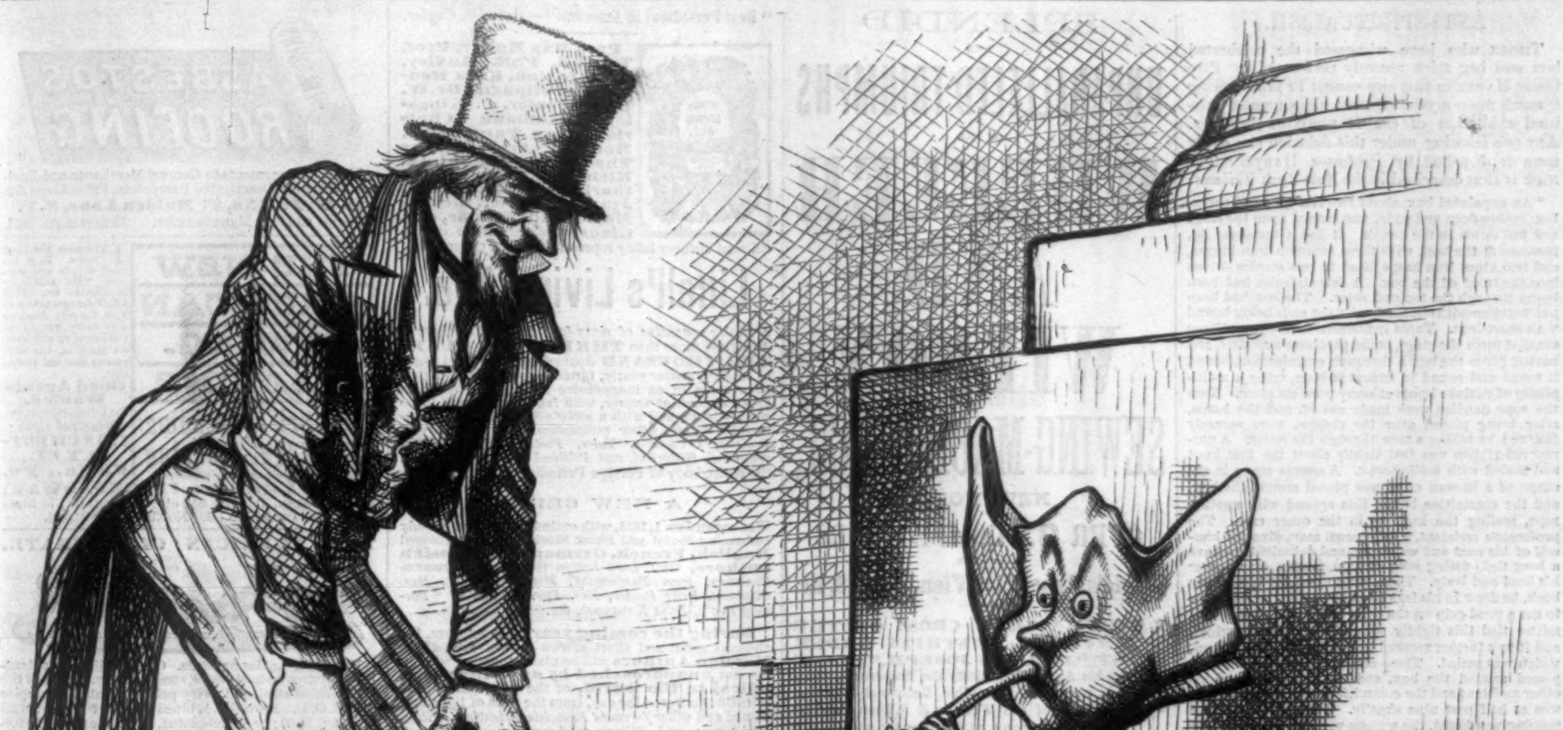
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THAT was a very striking scene in the House of Representatives when ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, appeared and took his seat. The ex-Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy entered the hall on crutches. He looked feeble and emaciated, but no more so than for several years past. Few of the members recognized him, and of all those in the hall there were probably not more than five or six who were his contemporaries during any part of the fourteen years when he sat in the House, from 1843 to 1857. By a proper and graceful courtesy, Mr. DAWES, as the senior member of the House, and Mr. STEPHENS, on account of his age and infirmities, were allowed the privilege of the first choice of seats; the others had to abide the chance of the lottery. Mr. STEPHENS selected a prominent seat in front of the Speaker's desk.

During the swearing in of members Mr. STEPHENS stood leaning on one crutch, supported on the other side by Mr. P. M. B. YOUNG, ex-major-general of the Confederate army. "Baring his white head," says a spectator of the scene, "and lifting his thin, ghostly hand, his eyes seemed to burn with a strange light as they were fastened on the Speaker." He is the first really conspicuous Southern statesman of the period before the war who has returned to the national legislature. What memories must have crowded upon his mind while he stood there to take the oath! He had striven earnestly to prevent secession and avert war. With impassioned eloquence he had warned the people of the South against the folly into which they were rushing with blind and headlong haste, and pictured in glowing colors the greatness and growth of the nation, which, he said, was "the admiration of the civilized world," and represented "the brightest hopes of mankind." Drawn into the secession movement against his better judgment and against his choice, he was distinguished by the bold candor with which he avowed the principles on which the new government was to be founded. He denounced as fundamentally wrong the idea of the equality of the races. "Our new government," he declared, in his well-known speech at Savannah in March, 1861, "is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas. Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great philosophical and moral truth." This frank avowal had even more effect at the North than at the South, and served to quicken and strengthen the spirit of patriotism which saved the Union. Not the least strange of the circumstances under which Mr. STEPHENS takes his seat in Congress is the presence of several representatives of the very race whose subordination to the whites he so forcibly affirmed.

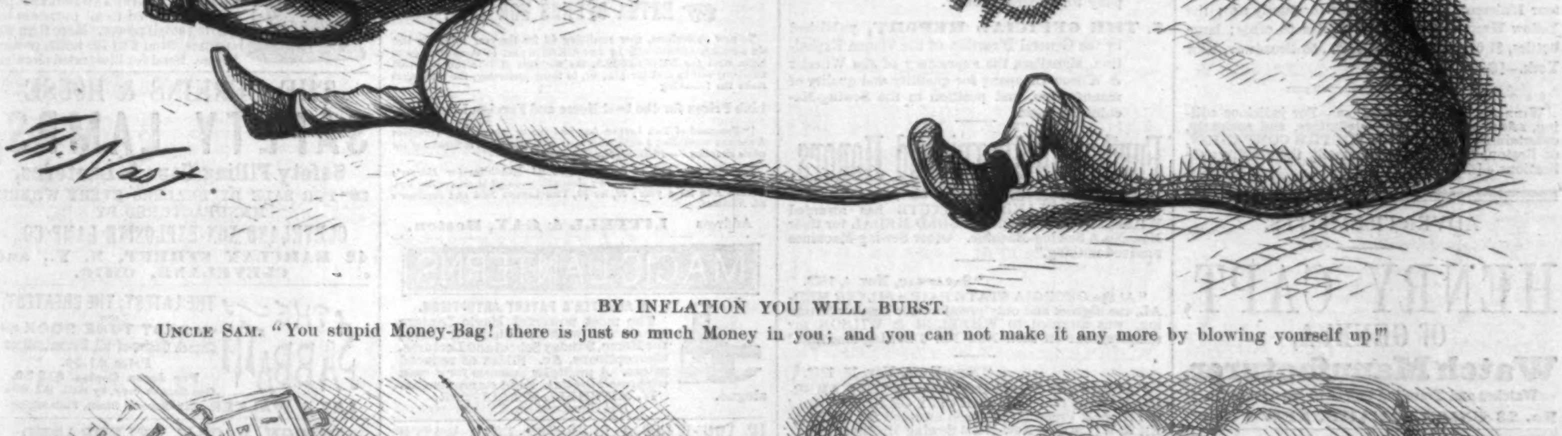
Mr. STEPHENS was born in Taliaferro County on the 11th of February, 1812, and is consequently nearly sixty-six years old at the present time. A newspaper correspondent writing from Washington says of him: "Mr. STEPHENS is afflicted with rheumatism of the severest type, which has thrown one hip out of place, and though he can hobble about a room with the aid of a cane, he has to use crutches on the street. Physically he is very feeble, but his intellect is as clear as ever. He eats animal food very seldom, and then sparingly. He is fearfully emaciated, and so colorless that his slender fingers seem almost transparent."

HARD TIMES—RENT-DAY.—[SEE PAGE 1139.]



BY INFLATION YOU WILL BURST.

UNCLE SAM. "You stupid Money-Bag! there is just so much Money in you; and you can not make it any more by blowing yourself up!"



LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE, AND DON'T MAKE IT WORSE.

Money is *tight*, but let it recover itself naturally, and then it will stand on a *Sounder Basis*.

Stimulants or *Inflation* only bring *final collapse*.

ANTI-SPIRITUALISM.

Those who have witnessed the celebrated box and bag trick recently performed by Professor Hartz in this city concur in pronouncing it much more mysterious than the supposed spiritual exhibition of the Davenport brothers. Any one laboring under this delusion can easily have it dispelled by Professor Hartz. The trick is thus described in the New York *Tribune:*

"An unpainted box, about two feet long and seventeen inches deep and wide, was carried upon the stage and put down in the centre. It had a turn-over lid, fastened at the back with three common iron hinges, and two stout iron hasps fitted to two staples driven into the front of the box. A few air-holes had been bored through the top and sides. The box had been put together with clinched nails, the ends being bound with sheet-iron. Three gentlemen from the audience stepped upon the stage, at the professor's request, and having given the box a thorough examination, bound it round and round in expert fashion, tying a multiplicity of curious knots at every possible place. Even the rope handles were made use of, and the hasps, after being placed over the staples, were securely fastened by taking a turn through the latter. A narrow red ribbon was tied tightly about the first knot and sealed with sealing-wax. A canvas cover in the shape of a Roman cross was placed around the box, and the committee bound this around with another rope, sealing the knot as in the other case. The professor's assistant, a full-grown man, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and submitted to have a long tight-fitting sack of thin muslin drawn over his head and body. Then, lying upon the box on his back, he drew in his legs so as to enable the professor to get a good grip on the open end. One of the committee tied this tightly with his own handkerchief, and it was further secured by another piece of ribbon, which was sealed. Three common screens were then placed around the box, and the professor and his other assistant and the committee stepped aside. This was at half past nine exactly. Two minutes later a rapping was heard, the screens were removed, and the muslin sack was seen lying empty upon the box. All the seals were unbroken. The committee undid the ropes and lifted the lid of the box, and the man who had been tied in the sack stepped out, looking none the worse, except for a flushed face, for his close quarters. The sack having been untied, his handkerchief was found in it. The professor had in vain offered $1000 to any one who could take it out without breaking the seal, cutting the material, or ripping the seams. He disclaimed any spiritualistic aid. It is certainly a much more wonderful 'illusion' than any which spiritualists have heretofore produced."

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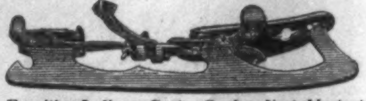

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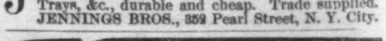

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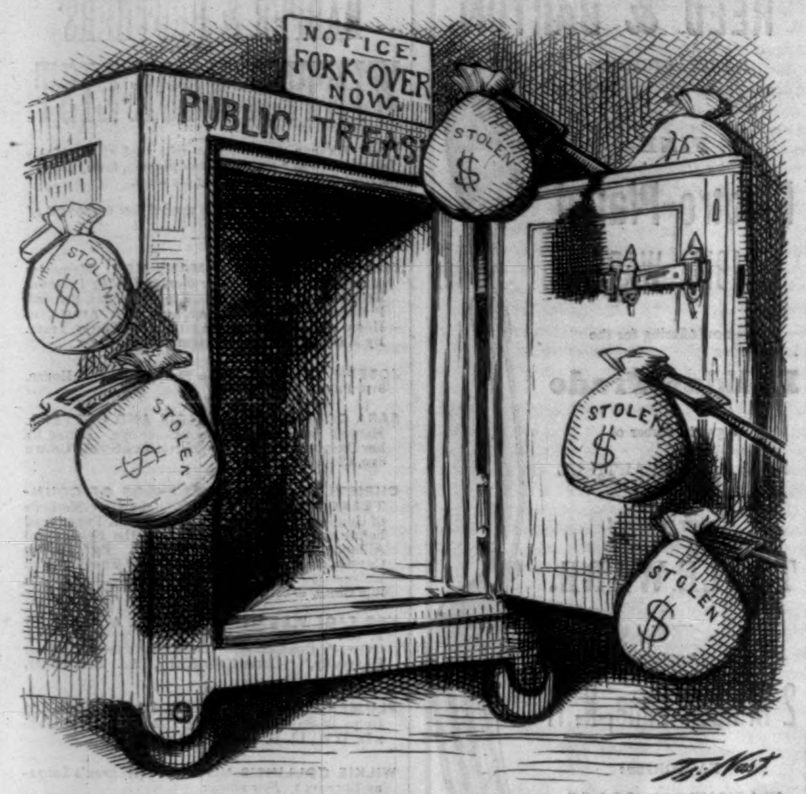

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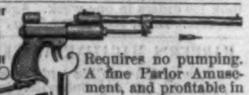

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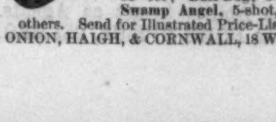

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[CONTINUED FROM No. 885, PAGE 1123.]

GOLDEN GRAIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," "LONDON'S HEART," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

XI.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED ON AN ISLAND—

THERE was a considerable stir in the immediate neighborhood of the Temple of Liberty on the night of the great meeting. Paul's Buildings, now newly christened, was situated in a dimly lighted narrow street, and had in its time played many parts. It had been a lecture hall, a warehouse for old clothes, a dancing academy, a refuge for "fat women" and "living skeletons," a home for the tamest of wild beasts; and it had brought misfortune upon all who had flown to it. It was a moot-point whether the social regenerators who had christened it the Temple of Liberty would fare better than their predecessors.

On the night in question little knots of men hung about the portico, in which dangled a dejected oil-lamp, the despondent light in which showed the way to liberty. The ostensible purpose for which the meeting was to be held was to pass resolutions condemnatory of a miscarriage of justice in one instance, and of a too violent carrying out of the law in another; but it was generally understood that other and more important matters connected with the position of the working-man were to be brought forward. There was no charge for admission, but before the proceedings commenced, the Secretary—whom we discovered to be the Delegate or "'Postle" whose appearance in Stony Alley had caused so much mental disturbance to Jimmy Virtue—announced that the smallest subscription in aid of the defrayal of expenses would be thankfully received. "Those who can not afford more," he said, "can give their ha'-penny or their penny in aid of the good cause. We know how the poor man is ground down, and the smallest subscription is in our eyes equal to the largest. In the same way," he added, with a touch of cunning, "as the poorest man should be equal to the richest in the eyes of justice!" "Equaler!" cried an unreasoning demagogue, smelling strongly of beer, as he handed in a penny with a flourish, and with the air of one who, with that copper donation, was giving the death-blow to a bloated aristocracy.

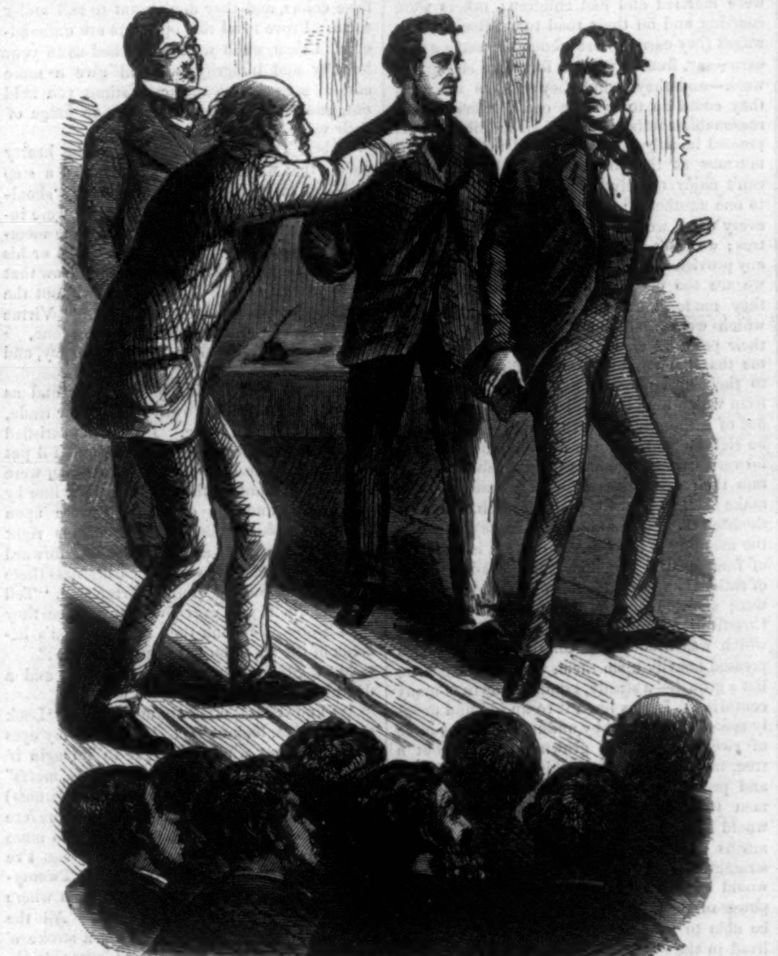
"What's that Secretary 'Postle's name?" muttered Jimmy Virtue, as he looked at a small handbill of the proceedings. "Mark Mallard! Hm! Mark Mallard." And then turned his attention to a study of Mark Mallard's face, which seemed, indeed, to be the principal reason for Jimmy Virtue's presence on the occasion.

"You are strangely interested in that Secretary, Jimmy," observed Robert Truefit.

"You let me alone," replied Jimmy Virtue; "I'm a-puzzlin' out somethin'. I've got my considerin' cap on."

And as he was evidently engaged in an intricate mental process, we did not disturb him.

The Temple of Liberty held probably nearly two hundred persons, and it was quite full. We three were among the earliest arrivals, and occupied the front seat directly facing the platform. I noticed that there was a large number of decently clad working-men present, some with earnest faces, who had evidently come with the intention of arguing matters out in a certain sense fairly. Many members of the new Working-man's League were also present, and these were prepared to support their officers through thick and thin. The chief of these officers, and the principal speaker among them, was the Secretary, Mark Mallard, who was voted to the chair. He was a common-looking man between fifty and sixty years of age, and his face bore strong marks of a life's discontent of mind; a man, thought I, who would be envious of his neighbor's ox, but too indolent to work for that which he envied. The unfavorable opinion I formed of him became strengthened as I studied the signs in his face: he was evidently an unfit man to be a leader in any good cause. But he could speak in a fairly fluent style and with a certain rough readiness which found favor with many among his audience. He was not eloquent, but ready-tongued, and from long practice, as I judged, knew how to make such use of his materials as would best please the kind of assemblage he was addressing now. He first proceeded to give a brief account of the establishment in the neighborhood of the new Working-man's League, a branch, he said, of a greater institution which was to set every thing right for the working-man—and by the working-man he meant the poor man. Throughout the whole of the proceedings he placed idle poverty and honest labor on one pedestal, and sought to prove—and did prove to many only too ready to believe—how the poor man was ground down, oppressed, and crushed by the "ruthless" heel of the rich. The Working-man's League would seek to bring about a different state of things; its aim was to give the working-man the rights which were unlawfully denied to him in the present condition of things, and to prove that the real power of the nation lay in labor, and not in capital. This, of course, was received with cheers. The orator showed no originality either in his propositions or in his mode of placing them before his hearers; but they were none the less enthusiastically received on that account. Fairly sifted and summed up, his utterances amounted to nothing more than the usual declamation concerning the rich and the poor, and the atrocious injustice of a state of things which allows



"TELL 'EM WHAT'S BECOME OF THE WIFE YOU LEFT THERE TO STARVE!"

one man to have more money in his purse than another. The old platitudes which cling to the vexed subject came trippingly off his tongue. If, he said, the real power of the country lay in labor and not in capital, then labor should govern the country; but to show the unfairness of things, and the howl that the moneyocracy raised at the slightest attempt to set things right, let them bring to mind how, if a working-man tried to get into Parliament, he was hounded down and barked at by the wealthy classes. Well, if the wealthy classes, and he was sorry to say the middle classes also, denied justice to the working-man, the time had come for the working-man to set up shop for himself. He did not lose sight of the ostensible purpose for which the meeting was called. He detailed two instances of the maladministration of justice which had gone the round of the papers, and had created some noise.

There is nothing that so impresses a meeting composed of ordinary minds, such as this was, as the bringing forward of small facts which have already been commented on among themselves. One instance of the miscarriage of justice was where a gentleman farmer had flogged a laborer to within an inch of his life, and was punished for the offense by a fine of five pounds, inflicted by another gentleman farmer, before whom, as a magistrate, the case was brought. "What was five pounds to him?" asked the speaker. "What's five pounds to the man who has thousands in the bank? Five pounds or three months' imprisonment! Why, the rich farmer pulled out the money with a grin on his face, and was heard to say afterward that what he'd done was the proper thing to do to such scum—meaning the working-man—when they dared to say they were not well enough paid, and couldn't support a family on twelve shillings a week. Twelve shillings a week! That was the sum this agricultural laborer had starved upon—him and his wife and children—for more than twenty years. And he became a union man, and spoke up for his rights; and his master marked him, and nigh killed him for it. Was that five pounds' fine justice, I should like to know?" The other instance was that of a laboring man who, under more aggravating circumstances, had thrashed a gentleman and beat him severely, and who was put in prison for six months for the offense. "And while he was in prison," said the speaker, "how was his wife to get bread for her children? After this, will any one dare to say that there's not one law for the rich and another for the poor? And shall this state of things be allowed to continue?"

The recapitulation of these familiar illustrations accomplished more than could have been accomplished by volumes of rhetoric, and cries of "No, no!" came from all parts of the hall.

"The mischief is," whispered Robert Truefit to me, "that these instances are true. See how intent Jimmy is upon our worthy chairman."

After the passing of resolutions condemning the judicial decisions in the strongest terms, other and more daring matter was gone into; and then I saw plainly, what I had hitherto only suspected, that the Working-man's League was in reality a republican club (in the shell), the promoters of which were ready with fiery words to inflame the minds of the ignorant against all recognized authority. One of the great points that Mark Mallard made was that he, like themselves, was a working-man.

"Look at my clothes! look at my hands! They are the same as yours, and I have as little money in my pocket, I dare say, as any of you."

"Yes," growled Jimmy Virtue; "and you're as ready as any on us to be treated to a pint o' beer."

"Order, order!" cried some.

"Quite as ready to be treated," said Mark Mallard, with a frown at Jimmy Virtue, which Jimmy received with a sneer; "and as ready," he added, brightening up, "to treat when my turn comes. We're rowing in the same boat, you and me." ("I'm 'anged if we are!" growled Jimmy Virtue, under his breath.) But Mark Mallard proceeded: "I'm not being rowed; I'm rowing, as all of you are; and we'll all row together, and show our muscle."

There was a murmur of approval at this figure of speech; and thus encouraged, the speaker proceeded. The cunning skill with which he mingled familiar matters was enough to mislead any but fairly balanced minds—royal pensions dating back hundreds of years; manhood suffrage; attempts to interfere with the poor man's beer; justices' justice; the price of meat and coals; one man rolling in his carriage while another starved in rags; bank and other directors who had ruined thousands of poor families living, after exposure, on the fat of the land; the starvation price which capital put upon labor, as instanced in the condition of the agricultural laborers—all these were brought forward and artfully handled to prove into what a deplorable and abominable Slough of Despond the Rights of Man had been trodden by masters and gentlemen.

During the whole time Mark Mallard was speaking Jimmy Virtue had scarcely once removed his eyes from the man's face; and he had openly expressed his disapproval of the false conclusions drawn by the speaker. At first Mark Mallard had endeavored to bully Jimmy Virtue into silence, but Jimmy Virtue was the last man in the world to be so bullied, and he expressed his dissent in stronger terms every time the attempt was made. I noticed that Mark Mallard was gradually drawn to observe the close manner in which he was being watched by Jimmy Virtue, and I saw that he grew uneasy and nervous beneath the steady gaze of my eccentric friend. From that time Mark Mallard took no open notice of Jimmy Virtue, but nevertheless looked at him stealthily every now and then. He wound up his most lengthy speech with a peroration in which the Rights of Man, and the boast that he, like themselves, was a working-man, were the two most conspicuous features; and having resumed his seat amidst applause, was wiping his forehead, when Jimmy Virtue rose suddenly, and said, in a loud tone, that he wanted to ask the Delegate a question or two.

Cries of "Hear, hear!" and "No, no!" responded to this announcement; and the latter, on a secret sign from Mark Mallard to his immediate supporters, were swelling into a roar, which would have speedily silenced those who were curious to hear Jimmy Virtue, when Robert Truefit leaped upstanding on to the bench, and cried, in a ringing voice which quelled the tumult,

"Fair play! fair play!"

The appeal, strengthened by the manly manner in which it was made, was taken up and indorsed in different parts of the room. In the midst of this counterbalancing excitement, Robert Truefit leaned down to Jimmy Virtue, and asked, hurriedly,

"Jimmy, what is it you are about to do?"

"You stick to me, Bob," replied Jimmy Virtue; "I know what I'm about. You stick to me, and you'll 'ear somethin' as 'll interest you. The warmint!" His features were working in an extraordinary manner, and his last two words were intended to apply to Mark Mallard.

"Look here, mates," cried Robert Truefit, commanding and compelling silence by his earnest voice and action, "we've been called together to-night to discuss certain matters affecting the working-man. How *can* we discuss these matters and arrive at a proper understanding—and from that point to a proper solution—of the difficulties which surround us, unless we give fair play to those who wish to speak?" ("Hear, hear, hear! Well said, mate. Go on.") "I *am* a working-man. My name's Robert Truefit, and I'm a working mason in Mr. Turner's yard. Some of you know me, perhaps; I think I see a face or two that I've seen before." ("You do, Bob; you do. Go it, old fellow! Fair play! fair play!" And a distinct voice from a gray-haired man in a corner of the room, saying, "There ain't a man in London that's got the real interest of the working-man more at heart than Robert Truefit. And he's got a wife and six children as 'd be a credit to the best man as ever trod shoe-leather." This statement elicited cheers for Robert Truefit, and "Another for the old woman!" and "Another for the kids!" which were given heartily. Then a laughable episode occurred by Robert Truefit saying, in correction, "No, mate; I've only five young ones;" and a voice replying, "Never mind, old man; you can soon make it up half a dozen!" A great many who had listened listlessly to Mark Mallard's platitudes now shifted on their seats, as if the meeting was beginning to be interesting.)

"This man here," continued Robert Truefit, "who wants to ask Mr. Mark Mallard a question or two, is a friend of mine. He's a rum un to look at, but he's sound at bottom." (Cries of "Let's see him! Let's have a look at him!") "Wait a bit. *I* don't know what he's going to say any more than you do; but he has told me that he knows what he's about, and I believe him, as I'd believe any thing else he says." ("Hurrah for the rum un to look at!") "And now to those who have made up their minds beforehand not to hear what he has got to say, all I've got to do with them is to direct their attention to the name of this hall, written up over the chairman's head. Look at it. 'The Temple of Liberty!' A big name, mates, for such a little room as this, but it will do if it prove to be what it professes to be. Great things have been accomplished in

little places before to-night; even now, I've no doubt, busy hands and busy minds are at work in common garrets and kitchens, and the world will be the better for their labors by-and-by, I hope. Let those who wrote 'The Temple of Liberty' at the head of this hall—Mr. Mark Mallard, I presume, is chiefly responsible for it —take it down if we are not to have a fair hearing." ("Bravo, Bob! You're a sound man, you are!") "I hope so. I cry 'Shame' on those who would deny us a hearing! Why, if there were masters and gentlemen among us who wanted to be heard, I hope we are manly enough to listen to them. *Beg* for fair play, indeed! Why, it's an Englishman's boast that he makes a clear ring for all who, believing they have right on their side, have the pluck to stand up for themselves and their opinions; and we're not to be told to-night that in this respect we are a nation of liars. Whatever our opinions, however much we may differ about this and that, we're Englishmen, and we're proud of it! Shall we, then, scream out—as we do—for liberty of speech, and deny it to one of ourselves?"

Robert Truefit had done his work well. From all parts of the room the cry arose, "Get on to the platform, mate!" and in obedience to that request Robert Truefit jumped on to the platform, and assisted Jimmy Virtue to get up after him. They pulled off their caps, and stood side by side, facing the meeting. Immediately the people caught sight of Jimmy Virtue's eccentric face and form, a shout of laughter came from them, which the cause of it received most good-humoredly. But his earnestness of purpose was apparent in the midst of the good-humored nods with which he responded to the merriment his appearance created. When silence was restored, Jimmy Virtue said:

"I want to ask the honorable Delegate a question or two as you'll see the drift on presently. If he'll 'ave the kindness to step forward—"

"Well, here I am," said the chairman, rising; "and now be quick with your questions, for there's a deal of business to be got through."

"Some on us want to be sure," replied Jimmy Virtue, "that you're the proper person to conduct the business; I'm one of them as wants to be convinced." He referred to the handbill. "Your name's Mark Mallard."

"That's my name. What may yours be?"

"Jimmy Wirtue, and I keeps a leavin'-shop in Stony Alley."

An expression of uneasiness came into the features of Mark Mallard at this announcement.

"And," said Jimmy Virtue, "that's the name as I was christened by, and I never 'ad no occasion to take no other. Can the honorable Delegate say as much as that?"

"What do you mean by this fooling?" blustered Mark Mallard. "What has my name to do with the object of this meeting?"

Some of those present were evidently asking this question of themselves, but when Jimmy Virtue said, excitedly, "You wait a bit, and you'll 'ear somethin' as 'll open your eyes!" their curiosity became a check to their impatience.

"Now," continued Jimmy Virtue, "you've talked a good deal about the Rights o' Man, and you say you're a workin'-man yourself. For my part, I've got a big respect for the Rights o' Man, and I wish with all my 'eart that every man 'ad his rights; though what the world 'd do if it was all rights and no wrongs, it's beyond me to answer. But about you're bein' a workin'-man, Mr. Delegate. What kind o' workin'-man? What's your trade?—that's what I want to know. What's your trade, and where do you work?"

Mark Mallard held out his arms to the meeting in remonstrance, and was about to protest against the introduction of such irrelevant matter, when Jimmy Virtue stopped him.

"No; I bar that! No shirkin'. No runnin' away from what I'm a-coming to. If you're a workin'-man, you've got a trade, and you're not one o' the sort this meeting's come to 'ear if you're ashamed of it." ("Hear, hear, mate!") "There's a 'underd men 'ere as 'd be willin', if they was asked, to say what their trade is, and what shop they work for. And why 'd they be ready and willin' to say? Because they ain't got nothink to be ashamed on —that's why!"

But here Mark Mallard called out authoritatively that it was time this nonsense was put a stop to. "We are not here to discuss personalities," he said; "we have higher matters in hand. The condition of the working-man has become too serious to be pushed out of sight by one who is evidently no friend to the good cause. As chairman of this meeting—"

"Say captain," suggested Robert Truefit, quietly.

"Well, as captain, if it pleases you better—"

"It does," said Robert Truefit, pushing his way to the front again, "for it fits the story I'm going to tell."

"We want no stories," shouted Mark Mallard; and a few of his followers took up the cry.

"A story," continued Robert Truefit, not heeding the interruption, "which concerns the business for which we have been called together, and which concerns, I won't say all here, but every honest-minded man I see before me."

The meeting here was convulsed with laughter. Jimmy Virtue, in his excitement, had taken out his glass eye, and was polishing it vigorously with his red cotton handkerchief, perfectly unconscious that he was doing any thing extraordinary.

"Go it, old chap," cried a number of voices, "with your one eye!"

"I can see as far," retorted Jimmy Virtue, "with my one eye as you can with two. And look 'ere, mates. This" (holding up the piece of glass) "is the only sham thing I've got about me."

This hit told well, and when the laughter had subsided there were calls for Robert Truefit's story.

"I won't keep you long, mates, and I'll commence after a good old-fashioned style. Once upon a time there lived on an island a great number of persons of all stations and degrees. Some were born with silver spoons in their mouths, some with iron ladles. Some were poor, some were rich; some idled and lived well; some worked all the working hours of the day and lived hard. These last were like ourselves, working-men; and while they had much to be grateful for, they had also, no doubt, much to complain of. Many of them were married and had children; others were courting and on their road to wedlock. The wages they earned were about the same as we earn—say, from twenty to forty-five shillings a week—and they found they had as much as they could do to squeeze out a sufficient and reasonable subsistence for their families. This pressed heavily upon them, and they began to murmur at the inequality of things. 'We can't enjoy ourselves as we ought,' they said to one another; 'we can't afford to eat meat every day; we can't afford to go to the theatres; we can't afford a holiday; we can't make any provision for sickness, or for the time when we are too old to work.' These complaints they made, and a hundred others, many of which were undoubtedly well founded from their point of view; and you will agree with me that the point of view which comes home to their own doors is the only point of view from which nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand care to argue, whether they be rich or poor. Some sensible and straightforward workmen among them resolved to agitate their grievances in such a manner as to make things better for their children, if not for themselves. You know, I dare say, what is the meaning of the Constitution: it is a system of fundamental principles for the government of rational and social beings. Well, these men were sensible enough to recognize that the Constitution by which they were governed, and which was accountable for the burdens which pressed heavily upon them, was not a creation, but a growth—a steady, gradual growth of many centuries. Let us liken it to an old and deeply rooted tree, which by undue favor or by force of circumstance had grown crooked—but a tree, nevertheless, from which they drew food and protection. The common-sense of these men told them that desolation and misery would fall upon them if by violent and sudden means they strove to *force* the crooked tree straight. The violent straining of the fibres would weaken them, and would so destroy the power of reproduction that the tree would not be able to bear sufficient food for those who lived in the shadow of its branches. And as to planting another, and expecting it to grow up and have healthy limbs in a night—well, you know what a foolish expectation that would have been! 'But,' they said, 'we can sow the seed for another and a healthier tree, and while it grows we will wait, and watch, and assist it to the extent of our wisdom, and we'll work steadily on the while—like men!' There were others who were for more violent means —with as much reason as would exist in the man who, having suffered all his life from an internal hereditary disease, goes abruptly to a physician, and demands a dose of medicine that shall cure him on the spot. But the sensible men were the most powerful body, although possibly not the most numerous, and they worked steadily on, educating their children, and taking advantage of those aids which their own persistence and the natural advancement of the times brought to them. In the midst of this, there comes to the island a ship, and the captain, convening a meeting of working-men, says, 'I am one of yourselves, and I know a means of remedying your grievances. Sail under my colors, and the oligarchs who monopolize the fat of the land shall be mown down like chaff. There shall be no waiting! You shall have as much fresh meat every day as you can eat; you shall have good clothes always; you sha'n't know what it is to be pinched; you shall have a man's rights—full measure! And these things shall be accomplished at once.' He spoke confidently and boldly, and his words were tempting, and made an impression even upon those whose views were in favor of more temperate action than he advocated. But some among them asked of themselves, 'What is it that we are asked to do?' And they thought, after all, that there were worse lots than that they had to bear. Many of their homes were happy, though poor. By their own firesides they enjoyed the greatest blessings of life. They loved their wives; they loved their children. They saw these stems of theirs growing to womanhood and manhood under their loving protection. 'If we stagger,' they said to themselves, 'they will fall and get hurt.' And we know," said Robert Truefit, with intense and heart-felt earnestness—"we who are husbands and fathers—we know how our own hearts bleed when those who are dear to us suffer! Said these men to themselves, as they looked around upon other communities and other countries, 'Here is a community that strove to accomplish by force what we are striving to accomplish by steady and reasonable means. What do we see as the result? Fire, pillage, murder, civil war; food fields laid waste, homes burned to the ground, families in mourning, lives wrecked! Shall we bring these things upon ourselves, and upon our wives and children?' But still the captain urged his views. 'Well, then,' said they, turning to him"—and Robert Truefit, with a startlingly significant movement, turned toward Mark Mallard—"'prove to us, at all events, that you are honest—prove to us that you are one of ourselves—that the name you go by is your own, and has always been your own. Some of us fear that you have hoisted false colors, and they don't want to sail under them. Prove to us that our fears are unfounded, and then, when we are satisfied as to your honesty and integrity, we will give a more careful attention to the temptations you hold out, and shall be the better able to judge of their value.'"

Robert Truefit paused, and from the hearty cheers that were given as he retreated a step and laid his hand on Jimmy Virtue's shoulder, it was evident that his sentiments were indorsed by the better class of men in the meeting, and that they would not allow him or his friend to be put down. Mark Mallard saw that there was no escape for him, and, without the slightest suspicion of the shot Jimmy Virtue was about to fire, said, in a blustering tone,

"Now, then, say what you've got to say, and be done with it."

"I will," replied Jimmy Virtue; "and as you don't seem willin' to say what's your trade, I won't press you there. I'll just be satisfied with an answer to two questions, and I'll put 'em both in one breath." The two men were standing in front of the platform in a line by themselves, and the eyes of all were upon them. Crooking the forefinger of his right hand, extending his arm, and bending forward toward Mark Mallard with an earnestness there was no withstanding, Jimmy Virtue said, "Tell this meetin' if you ever lived in a place they calls Stony Alley, and then tell 'em what's become of the wife you left there to starve!"

Mark Mallard staggered as if shot, and a deathly paleness came into his face.

"I knowed it!" cried Jimmy Virtue. "Look at 'im, mates, look at 'im! I never set my eyes on a man but what I'd swear to 'im agin if there was fifty year atween! Look 'ere, mates" (Jimmy's excitement was wonderful to witness) —"look 'ere, mates. This man as come 'ere and starts a Temple o' Liberty 'as got no more right to the name of Mark Mallard than I've got to the name of Tippitiwitchet. Twenty-two year ago he lived four doors from where my shop is now in Stony Alley. All the while he lives there he never does a stroke o' work, but passes his time in pot-'ouses, drinkin' the beer as is given to 'im freely because he's got the gift o' the gab, as we've 'eerd tonight. Don't think, mates, I'm agin a poor man 'avin' 'is beer; I ain't one as 'd rob 'im of it. I'm *for* it! though I do believe at the same time that the poor man makes a sight too much of it—a blessed sight too much—as if 'is liberty and the whole blessed constitootion depended on it! Well, this man goes about pot-'ouses talkin' o' the Rights o' Man, and leavin' 'is wife to starve. He pawns every blessed thing of 'ern he can lay 'is 'ands on—she's 'eavy in the family way, mind you!—he pawns 'er weddin'-ring, and 'ere it is. I lent 'im money on it myself. And a week afore 'is wife's confined he carries out the Rights o' Man, and makes a end of 'em, so to speak, by cuttin' away and leavin' 'er without a loaf o' bread, or as much as 'd buy one! Nothin' more 's 'eerd of '*im*; 'is wife she's confined with twins, and dies a week arterward from sorrer and starvation. And I put it to you, mates—I put it to you, whether a mean thief like 'im is the proper sort o' man to set up a Temple o' Liberty and to come preachin' to us about the Rights o' Man?"

It is impossible to describe the storm of agitation that ensued. I know that the men present, stirred to honest indignation, would have dealt violently with Mark Mallard if they could have laid hands on him; but by strenuous means we saved him from their anger, and he escaped safely through a door at the back of the platform. When he was gone, Robert Truefit said, in an agitated tone,

"For Heaven's sake, Jimmy, tell us who that man is!"

"That man, Bob," replied Jimmy Virtue, dabbing his face with his handkerchief, "is Blade-o'-Grass's father. I knowed 'im agin, the thief, directly I set eyes on 'im."

The meeting broke up in confusion; but not before the placard with the Temple of Liberty written on it had been torn into a thousand pieces.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Continued from No. 885, page 1124.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER XVI.

ISAURA had, as we have seen, been hitherto saved by the siege and its consequences from the fulfillment of her engagement to Gustave Rameau; and since he had quitted his father's house she had not only seen less of him, but a certain chill crept into his converse in the visits he paid to her. The compassionate feeling his illness had excited, confirmed by the unwonted gentleness of his mood, and the short-lived remorse with which he spoke of his past faults and follies, necessarily faded away in proportion as he regained that kind of febrile strength which was his normal state of health, and with it the arrogant self-assertion which was ingrained in his character. But it was now more than ever that she became aware of the antagonism between all that constituted his inner life and her own. It was not that he volunteered in her presence the express utterance of those opinions, social or religious, which he addressed to the public in the truculent journal to which, under a *nom de plume*, he was the most inflammatory contributor. Whether it was that he shrank from insulting the ears of the pure virgin whom he had wooed as wife with avowals of his disdain of marriage bonds, or perhaps from shocking yet more her womanly humanity and her religious faith by cries for the blood of anti-Republican traitors and the downfall of Christian altars; or whether he yet clung, though with relapsing affection, to the hold which her promise had imposed on him, and felt that that hold would be forever gone, and that she would recoil from his side in terror and dismay, if she once learned that the man who had implored her to be his saving angel from the comparatively mild errors of youth had so belied his assurance, so mocked her credulity, as deliberately to enter into active warfare against all that he knew her sentiments regarded as noble and her conscience received as divine—despite the suppression of avowed doctrine on his part, the total want of sympathy between these antagonistic natures made itself felt by both—more promptly felt by Isaura. If Gustave did not frankly announce to her in that terrible time (when all that a little later broke out on the side of the Communists was more or less forcing ominous way to the lips of those who talked with confidence to each other, whether to approve or to condemn) the associates with whom he was leagued, the path to which he had committed his career—still for her instincts for genuine Art—which for its development needs the serenity of peace, which for its ideal needs dreams that soar into the Infinite—Gustave had only the scornful sneer of the man who identifies with his ambition the violent upset of all that civilization has established in this world, and the blank negation of all that patient hope and heroic aspiration which humanity carries on into the next.

On his side Gustave Rameau, who was not without certain fine and delicate attributes in a complicated nature over which the personal vanity and the mobile temperament of the Parisian reigned supreme, chafed at the restraints imposed on him. No matter what a man's doctrines may be—however abominable you and I may deem them—man desires to find in the dearest fellowship he can establish that sympathy in the woman his choice singles out from her sex—deference to his opinions, sympathy with his objects, as man. So, too, Gustave's sense of honor—and according to his own Parisian code that sense was keen—became exquisitely stung by the thought that he was compelled to play the part of a mean dissimulator to the girl for whose opinions he had the profoundest contempt. How could these two, betrothed to each other, not feel, though without coming to open dissension, that between them had flowed the inlet of water by which they had been riven asunder? What man, if he can imagine himself a Gustave Rameau, can blame the revolutionist absorbed in ambitious projects for turning the pyramid of society topsy-turvy, if he shrank more and more from the companionship of a betrothed with whom he could not venture to exchange three words without caution and reserve? And what woman can blame an Isaura if she felt a sensation of relief at the very neglect of the affianced whom she had compassionated and could never love?

Possibly the reader may best judge of the state of Isaura's mind at this time by a few brief extracts from an imperfect fragmentary journal, in which, amidst saddened and lonely hours, she held converse with herself.

"One day, at Enghien, I listened silently to a conversation between M. Savarin and the Englishman, who sought to explain the conception of duty in which the German poet has given such noble utterance to the thoughts of the German

philosopher—viz., that moral aspiration has the same goal as the artistic—the attainment to the calm delight wherein the pain of effort disappears in the content of achievement. Thus in life, as in art, it is through discipline that we arrive at freedom, and duty only completes itself when all motives, all actions, are attuned into one harmonious whole, and it is not striven for as duty, but enjoyed as happiness. M. Savarin treated this theory with the mockery with which the French wit is ever apt to treat what it terms German mysticism. According to him, duty must always be a hard and difficult struggle; and he said, laughingly, 'Whenever a man says, "I have done my duty," it is with a long face and a mournful sigh.'

"Ah, how devoutly I listened to the Englishman! how harshly the Frenchman's irony jarred upon my ears! And yet now, in the duty that life imposes on me, to fulfill which I strain every power vouchsafed to my nature, and seek to crush down every impulse that rebels, where is the promised calm, where any approach to the content of achievement? Contemplating the way before me, the Beautiful even of Art has vanished. I see but cloud and desert. Can this which I assume to be duty really be so? Ah, is it not sin even to ask my heart that question?

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"Madame Rameau is very angry with her son for his neglect both of his parents and of me. I have had to take his part against her. I would not have him lose their love. Poor Gustave! But when Madame Rameau suddenly said today, 'I erred in seeking the union between thee and Gustave. Retract thy promise; in doing so thou wilt be justified'—oh, the strange joy that flashed upon me as she spoke! Am I justified? Am I? Oh, if that Englishman had never crossed my path! Oh, if I had never loved! or if in the last time we met he had not asked for my love, and confessed his own! Then, I think, I could honestly reconcile my conscience with my longings, and say to Gustave, 'We do not suit each other; be we both released!' But now—is it that Gustave is really changed from what he was, when in despondence at my own lot, and in pitying belief that I might brighten and exalt his, I plighted my troth to him? or is it not rather that the choice I thus voluntarily made became so intolerable a thought the moment I knew I was beloved and sought by another, and from that moment I lost the strength I had before—strength to silence the voice at my own heart? What! is it the image of that other one which is persuading me to be false—to exaggerate the failings, to be blind to the merits, of him who has a right to say, 'I am what I was when thou didst pledge thyself to take me for better or for worse?'

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"Gustave has been here after an absence of several days. He was not alone. The good Abbé Vertpré and Madame de Vandemar, with her son, M. Raoul, were present. They had come on matters connected with our ambulance. They do not know of my engagement to Gustave; and seeing him in the uniform of a National Guard, the Abbé courteously addressed to him some questions as to the possibility of checking the terrible increase of the vice of intoxication, so alien till of late to the habits of the Parisians, and becoming fatal to discipline and bodily endurance—could the number of the *cantines* on the ramparts be more limited? Gustave answered, with rudeness and bitter sarcasm, 'Before priests could be critics in military matters they must undertake military service themselves.'

"The Abbé replied, with unalterable good humor, 'But in order to criticise the effects of drunkenness, must one get drunk one's self?' Gustave was put out, and retired into a corner of the room, keeping sullen silence till my other visitors left.

"Then, before I could myself express the pain his words and manner had given me, he said, abruptly, 'I wonder how you can tolerate the *tartuferie* which may amuse on the comic stage, but in the tragedy of these times is revolting.' This speech roused my anger, and the conversation that ensued was the gravest that had ever passed between us.

"If Gustave were of stronger nature and more concentrated will, I believe that the only feelings I should have for him would be antipathy and dread. But it is his very weaknesses and inconsistencies that secure to him a certain tenderness of interest. I think he could never be judged without great indulgence by women; there is in him so much of the child—wayward, irritating at one moment, and the next penitent, affectionate. One feels as if persistence in evil were impossible to one so delicate both in mind and form. That peculiar order of genius to which he belongs seems as if it ought to be so estranged from all directions, violent or coarse. When in poetry he seeks to utter some audacious and defying sentiment, the substance melts away in daintiness of expression, in soft, lute-like strains of slender music. And when he has stung, angered, revolted my heart the most, suddenly he subsides into such pathetic gentleness, such tearful remorse, that I feel as if resentment to one so helpless, desertion of one who must fall without the support of a friendly hand, were a selfish cruelty. It seems to me as if I were dragged toward a precipice by a sickly child clinging to my robe.

"But in this last conversation with him his language in regard to subjects I hold most sacred drew forth from me words which startled him, and which *may* avail to save him from that worst insanity of human minds—the mimicry of the Titans who would have dethroned a God to restore a Chaos. I told him frankly that I had only promised to share his fate on my faith in his assurance of my power to guide it heavenward, and that if the opinions he announced were seriously entertained, and put forth in defiance of heaven itself, we were separated forever. I told him how earnestly, in the calamities of the time, my own soul had sought to take refuge in thoughts and hopes beyond the earth, and how deeply many a sentiment that in former days passed by me with a smile in the light talk of the *salons* now shocked me as an outrage on the reverence which the mortal child owes to the Divine Father. I owned to him how much of comfort, of sustainment, of thought and aspiration, elevated beyond the sphere of Art in which I had hitherto sought the purest air, the loftiest goal, I owed to intercourse with minds like those of the Abbé de Vertpré, and how painfully I felt, as if I were guilty of ingratitude, when he compelled me to listen to insults on those whom I recognized as *benefactors*.

"I wished to speak sternly; but it is my great misfortune, my prevalent weakness, that I can not be stern when I ought to be. It is with me in life as in art. I never could on the stage have taken the part of a Norma or a Medea. If I attempt in fiction a character which deserves condemnation, I am untrue to poetic justice. I can not condemn and execute; I can but compassionate and pardon the creature I myself have created. I was never in the real world stern but to one; and then, alas! it was because I loved where I could no longer love with honor, and I, knowing my weakness, had terror lest I should yield.

"So Gustave did not comprehend from my voice, my manner, how gravely I was in earnest. But, himself softened, affected to tears, he confessed his own faults—ceased to argue in order to praise; and—and—uttering protestations seemingly the most sincere, he left me bound to him still—bound to him still. Woe is me!"

It is true that Isaura had come more directly under the influence of religion than she had been in the earlier dates of this narrative. There is a time in the lives of most of us, and especially in the lives of women, when, despondent of all joy in an earthly future, and tortured by conflicts between inclination and duty, we transfer all the passion and fervor of our troubled souls to enthusiastic yearnings for the Divine Love—seeking to rebaptize ourselves in the fountain of its mercy, taking thence the only hopes that can cheer, the only strength that can sustain us. Such a time had come to Isaura. Formerly she had escaped from the griefs of the work-day world into the garden-land of Art. Now Art had grown unwelcome to her, almost hateful. Gone was the spell from the garden-land; its flowers were faded, its paths were stony, its sunshine had vanished in mist and rain. There are two voices of Nature in the soul of the genuine artist—that is, of him who, because he can create, comprehends the necessity of the great Creator. Those voices are never both silent. When one is hushed, the other becomes distinctly audible. The one speaks to him of Art, the other of Religion.

At that period several societies for the relief and tendance of the wounded had been formed by the women of Paris—the earliest, if I mistake not, by ladies of the highest rank—among whom were the Comtesse de Vandemar and the Contessa di Rimini—though it necessarily included others of station less elevated. To this society, at the request of Alain de Rochebriant and of Enguerrand, Isaura had eagerly attached herself. It occupied much of her time; and in connection with it she was brought much into sympathetic acquaintance with Raoul de Vandemar, the most zealous and active member of that society of St. François de Sales, to which belonged other young nobles of the Legitimist creed. The passion of Raoul's life was the relief of human suffering. In him was personified the ideal of Christian charity. I think all, or most of us, have known what it is to pass under the influence of a nature that is so far akin to ours that it desires to become something better and higher than it is—that desire being paramount in ourselves—but seeks to be that something in ways not akin to, but remote from, the ways in which we seek it. When this contact happens, either one nature, by the mere force of will, subjugates and absorbs the other, or both, while preserving their own individuality, apart and independent, enrich themselves by mutual interchange; and the asperities which differences of taste and sentiment in detail might otherwise provoke melt in the sympathy which unites spirits striving with equal earnestness to rise nearer to the unseen and unattainable Source, which they equally recognize as Divine.

Perhaps, had these two persons met a year ago in the ordinary intercourse of the world, neither would have detected the sympathy of which I speak. Raoul was not without the prejudice against artists and writers of romance that are shared by many who cherish the persuasion that all is vanity which does not concentrate imagination and intellect in the destinies of the soul hereafter, and Isaura might have excited his compassion, certainly not his reverence; while to her his views on all that seeks to render the actual life attractive and embellished, through the accomplishments of Muse and Grace, would have seemed the narrow-minded asceticism of a bigot. But now, amidst the direful calamities of the time, the beauty of both natures became visible to each. To the eyes of Isaura tenderness became predominant in the monastic self-denial of Raoul. To the eyes of Raoul devotion became predominant in the gentle thoughtfulness of Isaura. Their intercourse was in ambulance and hospital—in care for the wounded, in prayer for the dying. Ah! it is easy to declaim against the frivolities and vices of Parisian society as it appears on the surface; and in revolutionary times it is the very worst of Paris that ascends in scum to the top. But descend below the surface, even in that demoralizing suspense of order, and nowhere on earth might the angel have beheld the image of humanity more amply vindicating its claim to the heritage of heaven.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE warning announcement of some great effort on the part of the besieged which Alain had given to Lemercier was soon to be fulfilled.

For some days the principal thoroughfares were ominously lined with military *convois*. The loungers on the Boulevards stopped to gaze on the long defiles of troops and cannon, commissariat conveyances, and—saddening accompaniments!—the vehicles of various ambulances for the removal of the wounded. With what glee the loungers said to each other, "*Enfin!*" Among all the troops that Paris sent forth none were so popular as those which Paris had not nurtured—the sailors. From the moment they arrived the sailors had been the pets of the capital. They soon proved themselves the most notable contrast to that force which Paris herself had produced—the National Guard. Their frames were hardy, their habits active, their discipline perfect, their manners mild and polite. "Oh, if all our troops were like these!" was the common exclamation of the Parisians.

At last burst forth upon Paris the proclamations of General Trochu and General Ducrot; the first brief, calm, and Breton-like, ending with "Putting our trust in God. March on for our country!" the second more detailed, more candidly stating obstacles and difficulties, but fiery with eloquent enthusiasm, not unsupported by military statistics, in the 400 cannon, two-thirds of which were of the largest calibre, that no material object could resist; more than 150,000 soldiers, all well armed, well equipped, abundantly provided with munitions, and all (*J'en ai l'espoir*) animated by an irresistible ardor. "For me," concludes the general, "I am resolved. I swear before you, before the whole nation, that I will not re-enter Paris except as dead or victorious."

At these proclamations who then at Paris does not recall the burst of enthusiasm that stirred the surface? Trochu became once more popular; even the Communistic or atheistic journals refrained from complaining that he attended mass, and invited his countrymen to trust in a God. Ducrot was more than popular—he was adored.

The several companies in which De Mauléon and Enguerrand served departed toward their post early on the same morning, that of the 28th. All the previous night, while Enguerrand was buried in profound slumber, Raoul remained in his brother's room; sometimes on his knees before the ivory crucifix, which had been their mother's last birthday gift to her youngest son—sometimes seated beside the bed in profound and devout meditation. At daybreak Madame de Vandemar stole into the chamber. Unconscious of his brother's watch, he had asked her to wake him in good time, for the young man was a sound sleeper. Shading the candle she bore with one hand, with the other she drew aside the curtain, and looked at Enguerrand's calm, fair face, its lips parted in the happy smile which seemed to carry joy with it wherever its sunshine played. Her tears fell noiselessly on her darling's cheek; she then knelt down and prayed for strength. As she rose she felt Raoul's arm around her; they looked at each other in silence; then she bowed her head, and wakened Enguerrand with her lips. "*Pas de querelle, mes amis,*" he murmured, opening his sweet blue eyes drowsily. "Ah, it was a dream! I thought Jules and Emile" (two young friends of his) "were worrying each other; and you know, dear Raoul, that I am the most officious of peace-makers. Time to rise, is it? No peace-making to-day. Kiss me again, mother, and say, 'Bless thee.'"

"Bless thee, bless thee, my child," cried the mother, wrapping her arms passionately round him, and in tones choked with sobs.

"Now leave me, *maman*," said Enguerrand, resorting to the infantine ordinary name, which he had not used for years.—"Raoul, stay and help me to dress. I must be *très beau* to-day. —I shall join thee at breakfast, *maman*. Early for such repast, but *l'appetit vient en mangeant*. Mind the coffee is hot."

Enguerrand, always careful of each detail of dress, was especially so that morning, and especially gay, humming the old air, *Partant pour la Syrie*. But his gayety was checked when Raoul, taking from his breast a holy talisman, which he habitually wore there, suspended it with loving hands round his brother's neck. It was a small crystal set in Byzantine filigree; imbedded in it was a small splinter of wood, said, by pious tradition, to be a relic of the Divine Cross. It had been for centuries in the family of the Contessa di Rimini, and was given by her to Raoul, the only gift she had ever made him, as an emblem of the sinless purity of the affection that united those two souls in the bonds of the beautiful belief.

"She bade me transfer it to thee to-day, my brother," said Raoul, simply; "and now without a pang I can gird on thee thy soldier's sword."

Enguerrand clasped his brother in his arms, and kissed him with passionate fervor. "Oh, Raoul, how I love thee! how good thou hast ever been to me! how many sins thou hast saved me from! how indulgent thou hast been to those from which thou couldst not save! Think on that, my brother, in case we do not meet again on earth."

"Hush, hush, Enguerrand! No gloomy forebodings now! Come—come hither, my half of life, my sunny half of life!" And uttering these words, he led Enguerrand toward the crucifix, and there, in deep and more solemn voice, said, "Let us pray." So the brothers knelt side by side, and Raoul prayed aloud as only such souls can pray.

When they descended into the *salon* where breakfast was set out, they found assembled several of their relations, and some of Enguerrand's young friends not engaged in the sortie. One or two of the latter, indeed, were disabled from fighting by wounds in former fields; they left their sick-beds to bid him good-by. Unspeakable was the affection this genial nature inspired in all who came into the circle of its winning magic; and when, tearing himself from them, he descended the stair, and passed with light step through the *porte cochère*, there was a crowd around the house—so widely had his popularity spread among even the lower classes, from which the Mobiles in his regiment were chiefly composed. He departed to the place of rendezvous amidst a chorus of exhilarating cheers.

Not thus lovingly tended on, not thus cordially greeted, was that equal idol of a former generation, Victor de Mauléon. No pious friend prayed beside his couch, no loving kiss waked him from his slumbers. At the gray of the November dawn he rose from a sleep which had no smiling dreams, with that mysterious instinct of punctual will which can not even go to sleep without fixing beforehand the exact moment in which sleep shall end. He, too, like Enguerrand, dressed himself with care—unlike Enguerrand, with care strictly soldier-like. Then, seeing he had some little time yet before him, he rapidly revisited pigeon-holes and drawers, in which might be found by prying eyes any thing he would deny to their curiosity. All that he found of this sort were some letters in female handwriting, tied together with faded ribbon, relics of early days, and treasured throughout later vicissitudes; letters from the English girl to whom he had briefly referred in his confession to Louvier—the only girl he had ever wooed as his wife. She was the only daughter of high-born Roman Catholics, residing at the time of his youth in Paris. Reluctantly they had assented to his proposals; joyfully they had retracted their assent when his affairs had become so involved; yet possibly the motive that led him to his most ruinous excesses—the gambling of the turf—had been caused by the wild hope of a nature, then fatally sanguine, to retrieve the fortune that might suffice to satisfy the parents. But during his permitted courtship the lovers had corresponded. Her letters were full of warm, if innocent, tenderness—till came the last cold farewell. The family had long ago returned to England; he concluded, of course, that she had married another.

Near to these letters lay the papers which had served to vindicate his honor in that old affair, in which the unsought love of another had brought on him shame and affliction. As his eye fell on the last, he muttered to himself: "I kept *these* to clear my repute. Can I keep *those*, when, if found, they might compromise the repute of her who might have been my wife had I been worthy of her? She is doubtless now another's; or, if dead—honor never dies." He pressed his lips to the letters with a passionate, lingering, mournful kiss; then raking up the ashes of yesterday's fire, and rekindling them, he placed thereon those leaves of a melancholy romance in his past, and watched them slowly, reluctantly smoulder away into tinder. Then he opened a drawer in which lay the only paper of a political character which he had preserved. All that related to plots or conspiracies in which his agency had committed others it was his habit to destroy as soon as received. For the sole document thus treasured he alone was responsible; it was an outline of his ideal for the future constitution of France, accompanied with elaborate arguments, the heads of which his conversation with the Incognito made known to the reader. Of the soundness of this political programme, whatever its merits or faults (a question on which I presume no judgment), he had an intense conviction. He glanced rapidly over its contents, did not alter a word, sealed it up in an envelope, inscribed, "My Legacy to my Countrymen." The papers refuting a calumny relating solely to himself he carried into the battle-field, placed next to his heart—significant of a Frenchman's love of honor in this world—as the relic placed round the neck of Enguerrand by his pious brother was emblematic of the Christian hope of mercy in the next.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE streets swarmed with the populace gazing on the troops as they passed to their destination. Among those of the Mobiles who especially caught the eye were two companies in which Enguerrand de Vandemar and Victor de Mauléon commanded. In the first were many young men of good family, or in the higher ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, known to numerous lookers-on; there was something inspiriting in their gay aspects, and in the easy carelessness of their march. Mixed with this company, however, and forming of course the bulk of it, were those who belonged to the lower classes of the population; and though they too might seem gay to an ordinary observer, the gayety was forced. Many of them were evidently not quite sober; and there was a disorderly want of soldiership in their mien and armament which inspired distrust among such *vieux moustaches* as, too old for other service than that of the ramparts, mixed here and there among the crowd.

But when De Mauléon's company passed, the *vieux moustaches* impulsively touched each other. They recognized the march of well-drilled men, the countenances grave and severe, the eyes not looking on this side and that for admiration, the step regularly timed, and conspicuous among these men the tall stature and calm front of the leader.

"These fellows will fight well," growled a *vieux moustache*. "Where did they fish out their leader?"

"Don't you know?" said a *bourgeois*. "Vic-

tor de Mauléon. He won the cross in Algeria for bravery. I recollect him when I was very young; the very devil for women and fighting."

"I wish there were more such devils for fighting and fewer for women," growled again *le vieux moustache*

One incessant roar of cannon all the night of the 29th. The populace had learned the names of the French cannons, and fancied they could distinguish the several sounds of their thunder. "There spits 'Josephine!'" shouts an invalid sailor. "There howls our own 'Populace!'"* cries a Red Republican from Belleville. "There sings 'Le Châtiment!'" laughed Gustave Rameau, who was now become an enthusiastic admirer of the Victor Hugo he had before affected to despise. And all the while, mingled with the roar of the cannon, came, far and near, from the streets, from the ramparts, the gusts of song—song sometimes heroic, sometimes obscene, more often carelessly joyous. The news of General Vinoy's success during the early part of the day had been damped by the evening report of Ducrot's delay in crossing the swollen Marne. But the spirits of the Parisians rallied from a momentary depression on the excitement at night of that concert of martial music.

During that night, close under the guns of the double redoubt of Gravelle and La Faisanderie, eight pontoon-bridges were thrown over the Marne; and at daybreak the first column of the third army under Blanchard and Renoult crossed with all their artillery, and, covered by the fire of the double redoubts, of the forts of Vincennes, Nogent, Rossney, and the batteries of Mont Avron, had an hour before noon carried the village of Champigny, and the first *échelon* of the important plateau of Villiers, and were already commencing the work of intrenchment, when, rallying from the amaze of a defeat, the German forces burst upon them, sustained by fresh batteries. The Prussian pieces of artillery established at Chennevières and at Neuilly opened fire with deadly execution; while a numerous infantry, descending from the intrenchments of Villiers, charged upon the troops under Renoult. Among the French in that strife were Enguerrand and the Mobiles of which he was in command. Dismayed by the unexpected fire, these Mobiles gave way, as indeed did many of the line. Enguerrand rushed forward to the front—"On, *mes enfans*, on! What will our mothers and wives say of us if we fly? *Vive la France!* On!" Among those of the better class in that company there rose a shout of applause, but it found no sympathy among the rest. They wavered; they turned. "Will you suffer me to go on alone, countrymen?" cried Enguerrand; and alone he rushed on toward the Prussian line—rushed, and fell, mortally wounded by a musket-ball. "Revenge! revenge!" shouted some of the foremost; "Revenge!" shouted those in the rear; and, so shouting, turned on their heels and fled. But ere they could disperse they encountered the march, steadfast though rapid, of the troop led by Victor de Mauléon. "Poltroons!" he thundered, with the sonorous depth of his strong voice, "halt and turn, or my men shall fire on you as deserters."

"*Va, citoyen*," said one fugitive, an officer—popularly elected, because he was the loudest brawler in the club of the Salle Favre—we have seen him before—Charles, the brother of Armand Monnier—"men can't fight when they despise their generals. It is our generals who are poltroons and fools both."

"Carry my answer to the ghosts of cowards!" cried De Mauléon, and shot the man dead.

His followers, startled and cowed by the deed, and the voice and the look of the death-giver, halted. The officers, who had at first yielded to the panic of their men, took fresh courage, and finally led the bulk of the troop back to their post "*enlevés à la baïonette*," to use the phrase of a candid historian of that day.

Day, on the whole, not inglorious to France. It was the first, if it was the last, really important success of the besieged. They remained masters of the ground, the Prussians leaving to them the wounded and the dead.

That night what crowds thronged from Paris to the top of the Montmartre heights, from the observatory on which the celebrated inventor Bazin had lighted up, with some magical electric machine, all the plain of Gennevilliers, from Mont Valérien to the Fort de la Briche! The splendor of the blaze wrapped the great city; distinctly above the roofs of the houses soared the Dôme des Invalides, the spires of Notre Dame, the giant turrets of the Tuileries—and died away on resting on the *infames scapulos Acroceraunia*, the "thunder crags" of the heights occupied by the invading army.

Lemercier, De Brézé, and the elder Rameau—who, despite his peaceful habits and gray hairs, insisted on joining in the aid of *la patrie*—were among the National Guards attached to the Fort de la Briche and the neighboring eminence, and they met in conversation.

"What a victory we have had!" said the old Rameau.

"Rather mortifying to your son, M. Rameau," said Lemercier.

"Mortifying to my son, Sir!—the victory of his countrymen! What do you mean?"

"I had the honor to hear M. Gustave the other night at the club *de la Vengeance*."

"*Bon Dieu!* do you frequent those tragic reunions?" asked De Brézé.

"They are not at all tragic: they are the only comedies left us, as one must amuse one's self somewhere, and the club *de la Vengeance* is the prettiest thing of the sort going. I quite understand why it should fascinate a poet like your son, M. Rameau. It is held in a *salle de café chantant*—style *Louis Quinze*—decorated with a pastoral scene from Watteau. I and my dog Fox drop in. We hear your son haranguing. In what poetical sentences he despaired of the republic! The government (he called them *les charlatans de l'Hôtel de Ville*) were imbeciles. They pretended to inaugurate a revolution, and did not employ the most obvious of revolutionary means. There Fox and I pricked up our ears: what were those means? Your son proceeded to explain: 'All mankind were to be appealed to against individual interests. The commerce of luxury was to be abolished: clearly luxury was not at the command of all mankind. *Cafés* and theatres were to be closed forever—all mankind could not go to *cafés* and theatres. It was idle to expect the masses to combine for any thing in which the masses had not an interest in common. The masses had no interest in any property that did not belong to the masses. Programmes of the society to be founded, called the *Ligue Cosmopolite Démocratique*, should be sent at once into all the states of the civilized world—how? by balloons. Money corrupts the world as now composed; but the money at the command of the masses could buy all the monarchs and courtiers and priests of the universe.' At that sentiment, vehemently delivered, the applauses were frantic, and Fox in his excitement began to bark. At the sound of his bark one man cried out, 'That's a Prussian!' another, 'Down with the spy!' another, 'There's an *aristo*' present—he keeps alive a dog which would be a week's meal for a family!' I snatch up Fox at the last cry, and clasp him to a bosom protected by the uniform of the National Guard.

"When the hubbub had subsided, your son, M. Rameau, proceeded, quitting mankind in general, and arriving at the question in particular most interesting to his audience—the mobilization of the National Guard; that is, the call upon men who like talking and hate fighting to talk less and fight more. 'It was the sheerest tyranny to select a certain number of free citizens to be butchered. If the fight was for the mass, there ought to be *la levée en masse*. If one did not compel every body to fight, why should any body fight?' Here the applause again became vehement, and Fox again became indiscreet. I subdued Fox's bark into a squeak by pulling his ears. 'What!' cries your poet-son, '*la levée en masse* gives us fifteen millions of soldiers, with which we could crush not Prussia alone, but the whole of Europe.' (Immense sensation.) 'Let us, then, resolve that the charlatans of the Hôtel de Ville are incapable of delivering us from the Prussians; that they are deposed; that the *Ligue* of the *Démocratie Cosmopolite* is installed; that meanwhile the Commune shall be voted the provisional government, and shall order the Prussians to retire within three days from the soil of Paris.'

"Pardon me this long description my dear M. Rameau; but I trust I have satisfactorily explained why victory obtained in the teeth of his eloquent opinions, if gratifying to him as a Frenchman, must be mortifying to him as a politician."

The old Rameau sighed, hung his head, and crept away.

While, amidst this holiday illumination, the Parisians enjoyed the panorama before them, the *Frères Chrétiens* and the attendants of the various ambulances were moving along the battle-plains; the first in their large-brimmed hats and sable garbs, the last in strange motley costume, many of them in glittering uniform—all alike in their serene indifference to danger, often pausing to pick up among the dead their own brethren who had been slaughtered in the midst of their task. Now and then they came on sinister forms apparently engaged in the same duty of tending the wounded and dead, but in truth murderous plunderers, to whom the dead and the dying were equal harvests. Did the wounded man attempt to resist the foul hands searching for their spoil, they added another wound more immediately mortal, grinning as they completed on the dead the robbery they had commenced on the dying.

Raoul de Vandemar had been all the earlier part of the day with the assistants of the ambulance over which he presided, attached to the battalions of the National Guard in a quarter remote from that in which his brother had fought and fallen. When those troops, later in the day, were driven from the Montmedy plateau, which they had at first carried, Raoul repassed toward the plateau at Villiers, on which the dead lay thickest. On the way he heard a vague report of the panic which had dispersed the Mobiles of whom Enguerrand was in command, and of Enguerrand's vain attempt to inspirit them. But his fate was not known.

There, at midnight, Raoul is still searching among the ghastly heaps and pools of blood, lighted from afar by the blaze from the observatory of Montmartre, and more near at hand by the bivouac fires extended along the banks to the left of the Marne, while every where about the field flitted the lanterns of the *Frères Chrétiens*. Suddenly, in the dimness of a spot cast into shadow by an incompleted earth-work, he observed a small sinister figure perched on the breast of some wounded soldier, evidently not to succor. He sprang forward and seized a hideous-looking urchin, scarcely twelve years old, who held in one hand a small crystal locket, set in filigree gold, torn from the soldier's breast, and lifted high in the other a long case-knife. At a glance Raoul recognized the holy relic he had given to Enguerrand, and, flinging the precocious murderer to be seized by his assistants, he cast himself beside his brother. Enguerrand still breathed, and his languid eyes brightened as he knew the dear familiar face. He tried to speak, but his voice failed, and he shook his head sadly, but still with a faint smile on his lips. They lifted him tenderly, and placed him on a litter. The movement, gentle as it was, brought back pain, and with the pain strength to mutter, "My mother—I would see her once more."

As at daybreak the loungers on Montmartre and the ramparts descended into the streets—most windows in which were open, as they had been all night, with anxious female faces peering palely down—they saw the conveyances of the ambulances coming dismally along, and many an eye turned wistfully toward the litter on which lay the idol of the pleasure-loving Paris, with the dark, bare-headed figure walking beside it—onward, onward, till it reached the Hôtel de Vandemar, and a woman's cry was heard at the entrance—the mother's cry—"My son! my son!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* The "Populace" had been contributed to the artillery, *sou à sou*, by the working class."

(Continued from No. 885, page 1196.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LV.

PHINEAS IN PRISON.

Phineas Finn himself, during the fortnight in which he was carried backward and forward between his prison and the Bow Street Police Office, was able to maintain some outward show of manly dignity—as though he felt that the terrible accusation and great material inconvenience to which he was subjected were only, and could only be, temporary in their nature, and that the truth would soon prevail. During this period he had friends constantly with him—either Mr. Low, or Lord Chiltern, or Barrington Erle, or his landlord, Mr. Bunce, who, in these days, was very true to him. And he was very frequently visited by the attorney, Mr. Wickerby, who had been expressly recommended to him for this occasion. If any body could be counted upon to see him through his difficulty, it was Wickerby. But the company of Mr. Wickerby was not pleasant to him, because, as far as he could judge, Mr. Wickerby did not believe in his innocence. Mr. Wickerby was willing to do his best for him; was, so to speak, moving heaven and earth on his behalf; was fully conscious that this case was a great affair, and in no respect similar to those which were constantly placed in his hands; but there never fell from him a sympathetic expression of assurance of his client's absolute freedom from all taint of guilt in the matter. From day to day, and ten times a day, Phineas would express his indignant surprise that any one should think it possible that he had done this deed, but to all these expressions Mr. Wickerby would make no answer whatever. At last Phineas asked him the direct question. "I never suspect any body of any thing," said Mr. Wickerby. "Do you believe in my innocence?" demanded Phineas. "Every body is entitled to be believed innocent till he has been proved to be guilty," said Mr. Wickerby. Then Phineas appealed to his friend Mr. Low, asking whether he might not be allowed to employ some lawyer whose feelings would be more in unison with his own. But Mr. Low adjured him to make no change. Mr. Wickerby understood the work, and was a most zealous man. His client was entitled to his services, but to nothing more than his services. And so Mr. Wickerby carried on the work, fully believing that Phineas Finn had in truth murdered Mr. Bonteen.

But the prisoner was not without sympathy and confidence. Mr. Low, Lord Chiltern, and Lady Chiltern, who, on one occasion, came to visit him with her husband, entertained no doubts prejudicial to his honor. They told him perhaps almost more than was quite true of the feelings of the world in his favor. He heard of the friendship and faith of the Duchess of Omnium, of Madame Goesler, and of Lady Laura Kennedy, hearing also that Lady Laura was now a widow. And then, at length, his two sisters came over to him from Ireland, and wept and sobbed, and fell into hysterics in his presence. They were sure that he was innocent, as was every one, they said, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. And Mrs. Bunce, who came to see Phineas in his prison, swore that she would tear the judge from his bench if he did not at once pronounce a verdict in favor of her darling without waiting for any nonsense of a jury. And Bunce, her husband, having convinced himself that his lodger had not committed the murder, was zealous in another way, taking delight in the case, and proving that no jury could find a verdict of guilty.

During that week Phineas, buoyed up by the sympathy of his friends, and in some measure supported by the excitement of the occasion, carried himself well, and bore bravely the terrible misfortune to which he had been subjected by untoward circumstances. But when the magistrate fully committed him, giving the first public decision on the matter from the bench, declaring to the world at large that on the evidence as given, *prima facie*, he, Phineas Finn, must be regarded as the murderer of Mr. Bonteen, our hero's courage almost gave way. If such was now the judicial opinion of the magistrate, how could he expect a different verdict from a jury in two months' time, when he would be tried before a final court? As far as he could understand, nothing more could be learned on the matter. All the facts were known that could be known—as far as he, or rather his friends on his behalf, were able to search for facts. It seemed to him that there was no tittle whatever of evidence against him. He had walked straight home from his club with the life-preserver in his pocket, and had never turned to the right or to the left. Till he found himself committed, he would not believe that any serious and prolonged impediment could be thrown in the way of his liberty. He would not believe that a man altogether innocent could be in danger of the gallows on a false accusation. It had seemed to him that the police had kept their hold on him with a rabid ferocity, straining every point with the view of showing that it was possible that he should have been the murderer. Every policeman who had been near him, carrying him backward and forward from his prison, or giving evidence as to the circumstances of the locality and of his walk home on that fatal night, had seemed to him to be an enemy. But he had looked for impartiality from the magistrate, and now the magistrate had failed him. He had seen in court the faces of men well known to him—men known in the world—with whom he had been on pleasant terms in Parliament, who had sat upon the bench while he was standing as a culprit between two constables; and they who had been his familiar friends had appeared at once to have been removed from him by some unmeasurable distance. But all that he had, as it were, discounted, believing that a few hours—at the very longest a few days—would remove the distance; but now he was sent back to his prison, there to await his trial for the murder.

And it seemed to him that his committal startled no one but himself. Could it be that even his dearest friends thought it possible that he had been guilty? When that day came, and he was taken back to Newgate on his last journey there from Bow Street, Lord Chiltern had returned for a while to Harrington Hall, having promised that he would be back in London as soon as his business would permit; but Mr. Low came to him almost immediately to his prison room. "This is a pleasant state of things," said Phineas, with a forced laugh. But as he laughed he also sobbed, with a low, irrepressible, convulsive movement in his throat.

"Phineas, the time has come in which you must show yourself to be a man."

"A man! Oh yes, I can be a man. A murderer, you mean. I shall have to be—hung, I suppose."

"May God in His mercy forbid!"

"No; not in His mercy; in His justice. There can be no need for mercy here—not even from Heaven. When they take my life, may He forgive my sins through the merits of my Saviour! But for this there can be no mercy. Why do you not speak? Do you mean to say that I am guilty?"

"I am sure that you are innocent."

"And yet, look here. What more can be done to prove it than has been done? That blundering fool will swear my life away." Then he threw himself on his bed, and gave way to his sobs.

That evening he was alone—as, indeed, most of his evenings had been spent, and the minutes were minutes of agony to him. The external circumstances of his position were as comfortable as circumstances would allow. He had a room to himself looking out through heavy iron bars into one of the courts of the prison. The chamber was carpeted, and was furnished with bed and chairs and two tables. Books were allowed him as he pleased, and pen and ink. It was May, and no fire was necessary. At certain periods of the day he could walk alone in the court below, the restriction on such liberty being that at other certain hours the place was wanted for other prisoners. As far as he knew, no friend who called was denied to him, though he was by no means certain that his privilege in that respect would not be curtailed now that he had been committed for trial. His food had been plentiful and well cooked, and even luxuries, such as fish and wine and fruit, had been supplied to him. That the fruit had come from the hot-houses of the Duchess of Omnium, and the wine from Mr. Low's cellar, and the fish and lamb and spring vegetables, the cream and coffee and fresh butter, from the unrestricted orders of another friend; that Lord Chiltern had sent him Champagne and cigars, and that Lady Chiltern had given directions about the books and stationery—he did not know. But as far as he could be consoled by such comforts, there had been the consolation. If lamb and salad could make him happy, he might have enjoyed his sojourn in Newgate. Now, this evening, he was past all enjoyment. It was impossible that he should read. How could a man fix his attention on any book, with a charge of murder against himself affirmed by the deliberate decision of a judge? And he knew himself to be as innocent as the magistrate himself. Every now and then he would rise from his bed, and almost rush across the room as though he would dash his head against the wall. Murder! They really believed that he had deliberately murdered the man; he, Phineas Finn, who had served his country with repute, who had sat in Parliament, who had prided himself on living with the best of his fellow-creatures, who had been the friend of Mr. Monk and of Lord Cantrip, the trusted intimate of such women as Lady Laura and Lady Chiltern, who had never put his hand to a mean action, or allowed his tongue to speak a mean word! He laughed in his wrath, and then almost howled in his agony. He thought of the young loving wife who had lived with him little more than for one fleeting year, and wondered whether she was looking down upon him from heaven, and how her spirit would bear this accusation against the man upon whose bosom she had slept, and in whose arms she had gone to her long rest. "They can't believe it," he said, aloud. "It is impossible. Why should I have murdered him?" And then he remembered an example in Latin from some rule of grammar, and repeated it to himself over and over again: "No one at an instant—of a sudden—becomes most base." It seemed to him that there was such a want of knowledge of human nature in the supposition that it was possible that he should have committed such a crime. And yet—there he was, com-

mitted to take his trial for the murder of Mr. Bonteen.

The days were long, and it was daylight till nearly nine. Indeed, the twilight lingered, even through those iron bars, till after nine. He had once asked for candles, but had been told that they could not be allowed him without an attendant in the room, and he had dispensed with them. He had been treated, doubtless, with great respect, but nevertheless he had been treated as a prisoner. They hardly denied him any thing that he asked, but when he asked for that which they did not choose to grant they would annex conditions which induced him to withdraw his request. He understood their ways now, and did not rebel against them.

On a sudden he heard the key in the door, and the man who attended him entered the room with a candle in his hand. A lady had come to call, and the governor had given permission for her entrance. He would return for the light, and for the lady, in half an hour. He had said all this before Phineas could see who the lady was. And when he did see the form of her who followed the jailer, and who stood with hesitating steps behind him in the doorway, he knew her by her sombre, solemn raiment, and not by her countenance. She was dressed from head to foot in the deepest weeds of widowhood, and a heavy veil fell from her bonnet over her face. "Lady Laura, is it you?" said Phineas, putting out his hand. Of course it was Lady Laura. While the Duchess of Omnium and Madame Goesler were talking about such a visit, allowing themselves to be deterred by the wisdom of Mr. Low, she had made her way through bolts and bars, and was now with him in his prison.

"Oh, Phineas!" She slowly raised her veil, and stood gazing at him. "Of all my troubles, this, to see you here, is the heaviest."

"And of all my consolations, to see you here is the greatest." He should not have so spoken. Could he have thought of things as they were, and have restrained himself, he should not have uttered words to her which were pleasant, but not true. There came a gleam of sunshine across her face as she listened to him, and then she threw herself into his arms, and wept upon his shoulder. "I did not expect that you would have found me," he said.

She took the chair opposite to that on which he usually sat, and then began her tale. Her cousin, Barrington Erle, had brought her there, and was below, waiting for her in the governor's house. He had procured an order for her admission that evening direct from Sir Harry Coldfoot, the Home Secretary, which, however, as she admitted, had been given under the idea that she and Erle were to see him together. "But I would not let him come with me," she said. "I could not have spoken to you had he been here; could I?"

"It would not have been the same, Lady Laura." He had thought much of his mode of addressing her on occasions before this, at Dresden and at Portman Square, and had determined that he would always give her her title. Once or twice he had lacked the courage to be so hard to her. Now as she heard the name the gleam of sunshine passed from her altogether. "We hardly expected that we should ever meet in such a place as this?" he said.

"I can not understand it. They can not really think you killed him." He smiled, and shook his head. Then she spoke of her own condition. "You have heard what has happened? You know that I am—a widow?"

"Yes; I had heard." And then he smiled again. "You will have understood why I could not come to you—as I should have done but for this little accident."

"He died on the day that they arrested you. Was it not strange that such a double blow should fall together? Oswald, no doubt, told you all."

"He told me of your husband's death."

"But not of his will? Perhaps he has not seen you since he heard it." Lord Chiltern had heard of the will before his last visit to Phineas in Newgate, but had not chosen then to speak of his sister's wealth.

"I have heard nothing of Mr. Kennedy's will."

"It was made immediately after our marriage, and he never changed it, though he had so much cause of anger against me."

"He has not injured you, then, as regards money."

"Injured me! No, indeed. I am a rich woman—very rich. All Lough Linter is my own—for life. But of what use can it be to me?" He in his present state could tell her of no uses for such a property. "I suppose, Phineas, it can not be that you are really in danger?"

"In the greatest danger, I fancy."

"Do you mean that they will say—you are guilty?"

"The magistrates have said so already."

"But surely that is nothing. If I thought so, I should die. If I believed it, they should never take me out of the prison while you are here. Barrington says that it can not be. Oswald and Violet are sure that such a thing can never happen. It was that Jew who did it."

"I can not say who did it. I did not."

"You! Oh, Phineas! The world must be mad when any can believe it!"

"But they do believe it?" This he said, meaning to ask a question as to that outside world.

"We do not. Barrington says—"

"What does Barrington say?"

"That there are some who do; just a few, who were Mr. Bonteen's special friends."

"The police believe it. That is what I can not understand—men who ought to be keen-eyed and quick-witted. That magistrate believes it. I saw men in the court who used to know me well, and I could see that they believed it. Mr. Monk was here yesterday."

"Does he believe it?"

"I asked him, and he told me—no. But I did not quite trust him as he told me. There are two or three who believe me innocent."

"Who are they?"

"Low, and Chiltern and his wife, and that man Bunce and his wife. If I escape from this—if they do not hang me—I will remember them. And there are two other women who know me well enough not to think me a murderer."

"Who are they, Phineas?"

"Madame Goesler and the Duchess of Omnium."

"Have they been here?" she asked, with jealous eagerness.

"Oh no. But I hear that it is so, and I know it. One learns to feel even from hearsay what is in the minds of people."

"And what do I believe, Phineas? Can you read my thoughts?"

"I know them of old, without reading them now." Then he put forth his hand and took hers. "Had I murdered him in real truth, you would not have believed it."

"Because I love you, Phineas."

Then the key was again heard in the door, and Barrington Erle appeared with the jailers. The time was up, he said, and he had come to redeem his promise. He spoke cordially to his old friend, and grasped the prisoner's hand cordially; but not the less did he believe that there was blood on it, and Phineas knew that such was his belief. It appeared on his arrival that Lady Laura had not at all accomplished the chief object of his visit. She had brought with her various checks, all drawn by Barrington Erle on his banker, amounting altogether to many hundreds of pounds, which it was intended that Phineas should use from time to time for the necessities of his trial. Barrington Erle explained that the money was, in fact, to be a loan from Lady Laura's father, and was simply passed through his banker's account. But Phineas knew that the loan must come from Lady Laura, and he positively refused to touch it. His friend, Mr. Low, was managing all that for him, and he would not embarrass the matter by a fresh account. He was very obstinate, and at last the checks were taken away in Barrington Erle's pocket.

"Good-night, old fellow," said Erle, affectionately. "I'll see you again before long. May God send you through it all!"

"Good-night, Barrington. It was kind of you to come to me." Then Lady Laura, watching to see whether her cousin would leave her alone for a moment with the object of her idolatry, paused before she gave him her hand. "Good-night, Lady Laura," he said.

"Good-night!" Barrington Erle was now just outside the door.

"I shall not forget your coming here to me."

"How should we, either of us, forget it?"

"Come, Laura," said Barrington Erle, "we had better make an end of it."

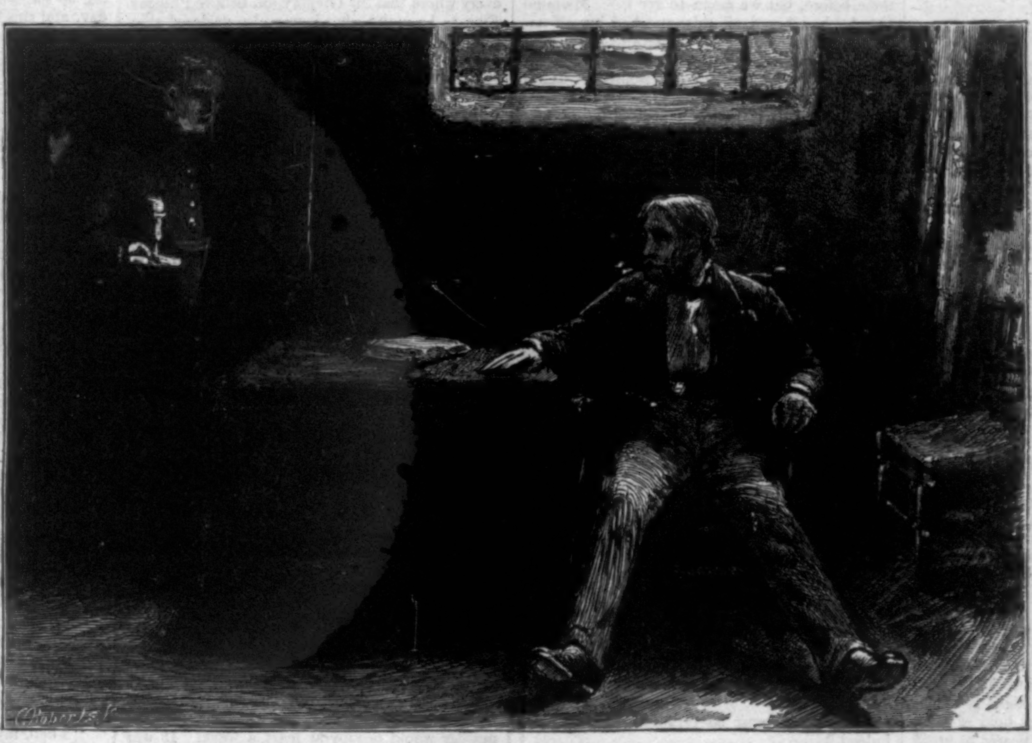
"But if I should never see him again?"

"Of course you will see him again."

"When? and where? O God, if they should murder him!" Then she threw herself into his arms, and covered him with kisses, though her cousin had returned into the room and stood over her as she embraced him.

"Laura," said he, "you are doing him an injury. How should he support himself if you behave like this! Come away."

"Oh my God, if they should kill him!" she exclaimed. But she allowed her cousin to take her in his arms, and Phineas Finn was left alone without having spoken another word to either of them.



"ON A SUDDEN HE HEARD THE KEY IN THE DOOR."

CHAPTER LVI.

THE MEAGER FAMILY.

ON the day after the committal a lady, who had got out of a cab at the corner of Northumberland Street, in the Marylebone Road, walked up that very uninviting street, and knocked at a door just opposite to the deadest part of the dead-wall of the Marylebone work-house. Here lived Mrs. and Miss Meager, and also on occasions Mr. Meager, who, however, was simply a trouble and annoyance in the world, going about to race-courses, and occasionally, perhaps, to worse places, and being of no slightest use to the two poor hard-worked women—mother and daughter—who endeavored to get their living by letting lodgings. The task was difficult, for it is not every body who likes to look out upon the dead-wall of a work-house, and they who do are disposed to think that their willingness that way should be considered in the rent. But Mr. Emilius, when the cruelty of his wife's friends deprived him of the short-lived luxury of his mansion in Lowndes Square, had found in Northumberland Street a congenial retreat, and had for a while trusted to Mrs. and Miss Meager for all his domestic comforts. Mr. Emilius was always a favorite with new friends, and had not as yet had his Northumberland Street gloss rubbed altogether off him when Mr. Bonteen was murdered. As it happened, on that night—or rather early in the day, for Meager had returned to the bosom of his family after a somewhat prolonged absence in the provinces, and therefore the date had become specially remarkable in the Meager family from the double event—Mr. Meager had declared that unless his wife could supply him with a five-pound note he must cut his throat instantly. His wife and daughter had regretted the necessity, but had declared the alternative to be out of the question. Whereupon Mr. Meager had endeavored to force the lock of an old bureau with a carving knife, and there had been some slight personal encounter, after which he had had some gin, and had gone to bed. Mrs. Meager remembered the day very well indeed, and Miss Meager, when the police came the next morning, had accounted for her black eye by a tragical account of a fall she had had against the bed-post in the dark. Up to that period Mr. Emilius had been every thing that was sweet and good—an excellent, eloquent clergyman, who was being ill-treated by his wife's wealthy relations, who was soft in his manners and civil in his words, and never gave more trouble than was necessary. The period, too, would have been one of comparative prosperity to the Meager ladies, but for that inopportune return of the head of the family, as two other lodgers had been inclined to look out upon the dead-wall, or else into the cheerful back-yard; which circumstance came to have some bearing upon our story, as Mrs. Meager had been driven by the press of her increased household to let that good-natured Mr. Emilius know that, if "he didn't mind it," the latch-key might be an accommodation on occasions. To give him his due, indeed, he had, when first taking the rooms, offered to give up the key when not intending to be out at night.

After the murder Mr. Emilius had been arrested, and had been kept in durance for a week. Miss Meager had been sure that he was innocent; Mrs. Meager had trusted the policemen, who evidently thought that the clergyman was guilty. Of the policemen who were concerned on the occasion, it may be said in a general way that they believed that both the gentlemen had committed the murder, so anxious were they not to be foiled in the attempts at discovery which their duty called upon them to make. Mr. Meager had left the house on the morning of the arrest, having arranged that little matter of the five-pound note by a compromise. When the policemen came for Mr. Emilius, Mr. Meager was gone. For a day or two the lodger's rooms were kept vacant for the clergyman, till Mrs. Meager became quite convinced that he had committed the murder, and then all his things were packed up and placed in the passage. When he was liberated he returned to the house, and expressed unbounded anger at what had been done. He took his two boxes away in a cab, and was seen no more by the ladies of Northumberland Street.

But a further gleam of prosperity fell upon them in consequence of the tragedy which had been so interesting to him. Hitherto the inquiries made at their house had had reference solely to the habits and doings of their lodger during the last few days; but now there came to them a visitor who made a more extended investigation; and this one was of their own sex. It was Madame Goesler who got out of the cab at the work-house corner, and walked from thence to Mrs. Meager's house. This was her third appearance in Northumberland Street, and at each coming she had spoken kind words, and had left behind her liberal recompense for the trouble which she gave. She had no scruples as to paying for the evidence which she desired to obtain—no fear of any questions which might afterward be asked in cross-examination. She dealt out sovereigns—womanfully, and had had Mrs. and Miss Meager at her feet. Before the second visit was completed they were both certain that the Bohemian converted Jew had murdered Mr. Bonteen, and were quite willing to assist in hanging him.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Meager, "he did take the key with him. Amelia remembers we were a key short at the time he was away." The absence here alluded to was that occasioned by the journey which Mr. Emilius took to Prague, when he heard that evidence of his former marriage was being sought against him in his own country.

"That he did," said Amelia, "because we were put out ever so. And he had no business, for he was not paying for the room."

"You have only one key?"

"There is three, ma'am. The front attic has one regular, because he's on a daily paper, and of course he doesn't get to bed till morning. Meager always takes another, and we can't get it from him ever so."

"And Mr. Emilius took the other away with him?" asked Madame Goesler.

"That he did, ma'am. When he came back he said it had been in a drawer, but it wasn't in the drawer. We always knows what's in the drawers."

"The drawer wasn't left locked, then?"

"Yes, it was, ma'am, and he took that key—unbeknownst to us," said Mrs. Meager. "But there is other keys that open the drawers. We are obliged in our line to know about the lodgers, ma'am."

This was certainly no time for Madame Goesler to express disapprobation of the practices which were thus divulged. She smiled, and nodded her head, and was quite sympathetic with Mrs. Meager. She had learned that Emilius had taken the latch-key with him to Bohemia, and was convinced that a dozen other latch-keys might have been made after the pattern without any apparent detection by the London police. "And now about the coat, Mrs. Meager."

"Well, ma'am?"

"Mr. Meager has not been here since?"

"No, ma'am. Mr. Meager, ma'am, isn't what he ought to be. I never do own it up, only when I'm driven. He hasn't been home."

"I suppose he still has the coat?"

"Well, ma'am, no. We sent a young man after him, as you said, and the young man found him at the Newmarket Spring."

"Some water-cure?" asked Madame Goesler.

"No, ma'am. It ain't a water-cure, but the races. He hadn't got the coat. He does always manage a tidy great-coat when November is coming on, because it covers every thing, and is respectable, but he mostly parts with it in April. He gets short, and then he—just pawns it."

"But he had it the night of the murder?"

"Yes, ma'am, he had. Amelia and I remembered it especial. When we went to bed, which we did soon after ten, it was kept in this room, lying there on the sofa." They were now sitting in the little back-parlor, in which Mrs. and Miss Meager were accustomed to live.

"And it was there in the morning?"

"Father had it on when he went out," said Amelia.

"If we paid him, he would get it out of the pawn shop and bring it to us, would he not?" asked the lady.

To this Mrs. Meager suggested that it was quite on the cards that Mr. Meager might have been able to do better with his coat by selling it, and if so, it certainly would have been sold, as no prudent idea of redeeming his garment for the next winter's wear would ever enter his mind. And Mrs. Meager seemed to think that such a sale would not have taken place between her hus-

band and any old friend. "He wouldn't know where he sold it," said Mrs. Meager.

"Anyways, he'd tell us so," said Amelia.

"But if we paid him to be more accurate?" said Madame Goesler.

"They is so afraid of being took up themselves," said Mrs. Meager. There was, however, enough ample evidence that Mr. Meager had possessed a gray great-coat, which during the night of the murder had been left in the little sitting-room, and which they had supposed to have lain there all night. To this coat Mr. Emilius might have had easy access. "But then it was a big man that was seen, and Emilius isn't noways a big man. Meager's coat would be too long for him, ever so much."

"Nevertheless, we must try and get the coat," said Madame Goesler. "I'll speak to a friend about it. I suppose we can find your husband when we want him?"

"I don't know, ma'am. We never can find him; but then we never do want him—not now. The police know him at the races, no doubt. You won't go and get him into trouble, ma'am, worse than he is? He's always been in trouble, but I wouldn't like to be the means of making it worse on him than it is."

Madame Goesler, as she again paid the woman for her services, assured her that she would do no injury to Mr. Meager. All that she wanted of Mr. Meager was his gray coat, and that not with any view that could be detrimental either to his honor or to his safety, and she was willing to pay any reasonable price—or almost any unreasonable price—for the coat. But the coat must be made to be forth-coming if it were still in existence, and had not been as yet torn to pieces by the shoddy-makers.

"It ain't near come to that yet," said Amelia. "I don't know that I ever see father more respectable—that is, in the way of a great-coat."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SEARCH FOR THE KEY AND THE COAT.

WHEN Madame Goesler revealed her plans and ideas to Mr. Wickerby, the attorney, who had been employed to bring Phineas Finn through his troubles, that gentleman evidently did not think much of the unprofessional assistance which the lady proposed to give him. "I'm afraid it is far fetched, ma'am—if you understand what I mean," said Mr. Wickerby. Madame Goesler declared that she understood very well what Mr. Wickerby meant, but that she could hardly agree with him. "According to that, the gentleman must have plotted the murder more than a month before he committed it," said Mr. Wickerby.

"And why not?"

"Murder plots are generally the work of a few hours at the longest, Madame Goesler. Anger, combined with an indifference to self-sacrifice, does not endure the wear of many days. And the object here was insufficient. I don't think we can ask to have the trial put off in order to find out whether a false key may have been made in Prague."

"And you will not look for the coat?"

"We can look for it, and probably get it, if the woman has not lied to you; but I don't think it will do us any good. The woman probably is lying. You have been paying her very liberally, so that she has been making an excellent livelihood out of the murder. No jury would believe her. And a gray coat is a very common thing. After all, it would prove nothing. It would only let the jury know that Mr. Meager had a gray coat as well as Mr. Finn. That Mr. Finn wore a gray coat on that night is a fact which we can't upset. If you got hold of Meager's coat, you wouldn't be a bit nearer to proof that Emilius had worn it."

"There would be the fact that he might have worn it."

"Madame Goesler, indeed it would not help our client. You see what are the difficulties in our way. Mr. Finn was on the spot at the moment, or so near it as to make it certainly possible that he might have been there. There is no such evidence as to Emilius, even if he could be shown to have had a latch-key. The man was killed by such an instrument as Mr. Finn had about him. There is no evidence that Mr. Emilius had such an instrument in his hand. A tall man in a gray coat was seen hurrying to the spot at the exact hour. Mr. Finn is a tall man, and wore a gray coat at the time. Emilius is not a tall man, and, even though Meager had a gray coat, there is no evidence to show that Emilius ever wore it. Mr. Finn had quarreled violently with Mr. Bonteen within the hour. It does not appear that Emilius ever quarreled with Mr. Bonteen, though Mr. Bonteen had exerted himself in opposition to Emilius."

"Is there to be no defense, then?"

"Certainly there will be a defense, and such a defense as I think will prevent any jury from being unanimous in convicting my client. Though there is a great deal of evidence against him, it is all—what we call circumstantial."

"I understand, Mr. Wickerby."

"Nobody saw him commit the murder."

"Indeed, no," said Madame Goesler.

"Although there is personal similarity, there is no personal identity. There is no positive proof of any thing illegal on his part, or of any thing that would have been suspicious had no murder been committed, such as the purchase of poison or carrying of a revolver. The life-preserver, had no such instrument been unfortunately used, might have been regarded as a thing of custom."

"But I am sure that that Bohemian did murder Mr. Bonteen," said Madame Goesler, with enthusiasm.

"Madame," said Mr. Wickerby, holding up both his hands, "I can only wish that you could be upon the jury."

"And you won't try to show that the other man might have done it?"

"I think not. Next to an alibi that breaks down—you know what an alibi is, Madame Goesler?"

"Yes, Mr. Wickerby; I know what an alibi is."

"Next to an alibi that breaks down, an unsuccessful attempt to affix the fault on another party is the most fatal blow which a prisoner's counsel can inflict upon him. It is always taken by the jury as so much evidence against him. We must depend altogether on a different line of defense."

"What line, Mr. Wickerby?"

"Juries are always unwilling to hang"—Madame Goesler shuddered as the horrid word was broadly pronounced—"and are apt to think that simply circumstantial evidence can not be suffered to demand so disagreeable a duty. They are peculiarly averse to hanging a gentleman, and will hardly be induced to hang a member of Parliament. Then Mr. Finn is very good-looking, and has been popular—which is all in his favor. And we shall have such evidence on the score of character as was never before brought into one of our courts. We shall have half the Cabinet. There will be two dukes." Madame Goesler, as she listened to the admiring enthusiasm of the attorney while he went on with his list, acknowledged to herself that her dear friend, the Duchess, had not been idle. "There will be three Secretaries of State. The Secretary of State for the Home Department himself will be examined. I am not quite sure that we mayn't get the Lord Chancellor. There will be Mr. Monk—about the most popular man in England, who will speak of the prisoner as his particular friend. I don't think any jury would hang a particular friend of Mr. Monk's. And there will be ever so many ladies. That has never been done before, but we mean to try it." Madame Goesler had heard all this, and had herself assisted in the work. "I rather think we shall get four or five leading members of the Opposition, for they all disliked Mr. Bonteen. If we could manage Mr. Daubeny and Mr. Gresham, I think we might reckon ourselves quite safe. I forgot to say that the Bishop of Barchester has promised."

"All that won't prove his innocence, Mr. Wickerby." Mr. Wickerby shrugged his shoulders. "If he be acquitted after that fashion, men then will say—that he was guilty."

"We must think of his life first, Madame Goesler," said the attorney.

Madame Goesler when she left the attorney's room was very ill-satisfied with him. She desired some adherent to her cause who would with affectionate zeal resolve upon washing Phineas Finn white as snow in reference to the charge now made against him. But no man would so resolve who did not believe in his innocence—as Madame Goesler believed herself. She herself knew that her own belief was romantic and unpractical. Nevertheless, the conviction of the guilt of that other man, toward which she still thought that much could be done if that coat were found and the maker of a secret key were present, was so strong upon her that she would not allow herself to drop it. It would not be sufficient for her that Phineas Finn should be acquitted. She desired that the real murderer should be hung for the murder, so that all the world might be sure—as she was sure—that her hero had been wrongfully accused.

"Do you mean that you are going to start yourself," the Duchess said to her that same afternoon.

"Yes, I am."

"Then you must be very far gone in love, indeed."

"You would do as much, Duchess, if you were free as I am. It isn't a matter of love at all. It's womanly enthusiasm for the cause one has taken up."

"I'm quite as enthusiastic—only I shouldn't like to go to Prague in June."

"I'd go to Siberia in January if I could find out that that horrid man really committed the murder."

"Who are going with you?"

"We shall be quite a company. We have got a detective policeman, and an interpreter who understands Greek and German to go about with the policeman, and a lawyer's clerk, and there will be my own maid."

"Every body will know all about it before you get there."

"We are not to go quite together. The policeman and the interpreter are to form one party, and I and my maid another. The poor clerk is to be alone. If they get the coat, of course you'll telegraph to me."

"Who is to have the coat?"

"I suppose they'll take it to Mr. Wickerby. He says he doesn't want it—that it would do no good. But I think that if we could show that the man might very easily have been out of the house—that he had certainly provided himself with means of getting out of the house secretly—the coat would be of service. I am going, at any rate, and shall be in Paris to-morrow morning."

"I think it very grand of you, my dear; and for your sake I hope he may live to be Prime Minister. Perhaps, after all, he may give Plantagenet 'his Garter.'"

When the old Duke died, a Garter became vacant, and had, of course, fallen to the gift of Mr. Gresham. The Duchess had expected that it would be continued in the family, as had been the Lieutenancy of Barsetshire, which also had been held by the old Duke. But the Garter had been given to Lord Cantrip, and the Duchess was sore. With all her radical propensities and inclination to laugh at dukes and marquises, she thought very much of Garters and Lieutenancies; but her husband would not think of them at all, and hence there were words between them. The Duchess had declared that the Duke should insist on having the Garter. "These are things that men do not ask for," the Duke had said.

"Don't tell me, Plantagenet, about not asking. Every body asks for every thing nowadays."

"Your every body is not correct, Glencora. I never yet asked for any thing, and never shall. No honor has any value in my eyes unless it comes unasked." Thereupon it was that the Duchess now suggested that Phineas Finn, when Prime Minister, might perhaps bestow a Garter upon her husband.

And so Madame Goesler started for Prague with the determination of being back, if possible, before the trial began. It was to be commenced at the Old Bailey toward the end of June, and people already began to foretell that it would extend over a very long period. The circumstances seemed to be simple; but they who understood such matters declared that the duration of a trial depended a great deal more on the public interest felt in the matter than upon its own nature. Now it was already perceived that no trial of modern days had ever been so interesting as would be this trial. It was already known that the Attorney-General, Sir Gregory Grogram, was to lead the case for the prosecution, and that the Solicitor-General, Sir Simon Slope, was to act with him. It had been thought to be due to the memory and character of Mr. Bonteen, who when he was murdered had held the office of President of the Board of Trade, and who had very nearly been Chancellor of the Exchequer, that so unusual a task should be imposed on these two high legal officers of the Government. No doubt there would be a crowd of juniors with them, but it was understood that Sir Gregory Grogram would himself take the burden of the task upon his own shoulders. It was declared every where that Sir Gregory did believe Phineas Finn to be guilty—but it was also declared that Sir Simon Slope was convinced that he was innocent. The defense was to be intrusted to the well-practiced but now aged hands of that most experienced practitioner Mr. Chaffanbrass, than whom no barrister, living or dead, ever rescued more culprits from the fangs of the law. With Mr. Chaffanbrass, who quite late in life had consented to take a silk gown, was to be associated Mr. Sergeant Birdbolt, who was said to be employed in order that the case might be in safe hands should the strength of Mr. Chaffanbrass fail him at the last moment; and Mr. Snow, who was supposed to handle a witness more judiciously than any of the rising men; and that subtle, courageous, eloquent, and painstaking youth, Mr. Golightly, who now, with no more than ten or fifteen years' practice, was already known to be earning his bread and supporting a wife and family.

But the glory of this trial would not depend chiefly on the array of counsel, nor on the fact that the Lord Chief Justice himself would be the judge, so much as on the social position of the murdered man and of the murderer. Noble lords and great statesmen would throng the bench of the court to see Phineas Finn tried, and all the world who could find an entrance would do the same to see the great statesmen and the noble lords. The importance of such an affair increases like a snow-ball as it is rolled on. Many people talk much, and then very many people talk very much more. The under-sheriffs of the City, praiseworthy gentlemen not hitherto widely known to fame, became suddenly conspicuous and popular, as being the dispensers of admission to seats in the court. It had been already admitted by judges and counsel that sundry other cases must be postponed, because it was known that the Bonteen murder would occupy at least a week. It was supposed that Mr. Chaffanbrass would consume a whole day at the beginning of the trial in getting a jury to his mind—a matter on which he was known to be very particular—and another whole day at the end of the trial in submitting to the jury the particulars of all the great cases on record in which circumstantial evidence was known to have led to improper verdicts. It was therefore understood that the last week in June would be devoted to the trial, to the exclusion of all other matters of interest. When Mr. Gresham, hard pressed by Mr. Turnbull for a convenient day, offered that gentleman Thursday, the 24th of June, for suggesting to the House a little proposition of his own with reference to the English Church establishment, Mr. Turnbull openly repudiated the offer, because on that day the trial of Phineas Finn would be commenced. "I hope," said Mr. Gresham, "that the work of the country will not be impeded by that unfortunate affair." "I am afraid," said Mr. Turnbull, "that the right honorable gentleman will find that the member for Tankerville will on that day monopolize the attention of this House." The remark was thought to have been made in very bad taste, but nobody doubted its truth. Perhaps the interest was enhanced among politicians by the existence very generally of an opinion that though Phineas Finn had murdered Mr. Bonteen, he would certainly be acquitted. Nothing could then prevent the acquitted murderer from resuming his seat in the House, and gentlemen were already beginning to ask themselves after what fashion it would become them to treat him. Would the Speaker catch his eye when he rose to speak? Would he still be "Phineas" to the very large number of men with whom his general popularity had made him intimate? Would he be cold-shouldered at the clubs, and treated as one whose hands were red with blood? Or would he become more popular than ever, and receive an ovation after his acquittal?

In the mean time Madame Goesler started on her journey for Prague.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TROUBLED NIGHT.

I.

SOME few autumns ago the rector of a little sea-side parish sat conning his books in the quiet of his own study.

It was a wild October evening, the wind twirling and rushing up the short drive that lay between the front-door of the house and the gate in the shrubbery which divided the grounds from the high-road; dashes of rain beat against the window; and underlying all came the faint monotonous break of the waves upon the shore, some half mile distant.

Mr. Fergusson was puzzled over his work, bothered by it, in fact; finally, he sought assistance of the inferior order of creation—to wit, his wife, who sat opposite to him busily knitting children's socks.

"Kate!" he ejaculated, in an injured tone.

"Well, John?"

The knitting-needles kept going, though the plier thereof moved to her husband's side, and stooped to glance at what troubled him.

"These accounts are a frightful nuisance. I wish I had never undertaken such a piece of business; it's no end of work for me, and not half a dozen of the people will thank me for it after all."

Mr. Fergusson perfectly reveled in all sorts of parish work. Clubs, schools, "feasts, fasts, and festivals"—nothing came amiss to him if he thought he saw his flock's welfare furthered thereby; but he was a man who delighted in a good hearty grumble now and then, and his wife, understanding such moods well, always found it an excellent plan to treat them homeopathically; so to-night she proceeded on her usual tactics.

"Suppose you shut the books up, John, and let us chat for an hour. You'll be sure to make your head ache, and then you won't sleep properly, if you go on. The people won't be coming up for their money before Thursday or Friday, and this is only Monday."

"The people *will* be coming up for their money, you most procrastinating woman," answered the husband. "Suppose you were to help me, now, instead of going on with that eternal knitting. We might manage this between us, and have the gossip you are longing for afterward. Now, then, who is Simon Green—the one on the Common? And did he have his money out in April to buy a pig? *Now* we shall get on perhaps!"

The knitting vanished, and the pair were soon immersed in club accounts, Mrs. Fergusson's capital memory supplementing the rector's rather carelessly kept accounts admirably. An hour's work brought them to the end of their labors; and Mr. Fergusson, on going to a large old-fashioned desk, and drawing therefrom three canvas bags full of gold and silver, had the satisfaction of finding the sum they contained tallied exactly with what was required to pay all the depositors in the club their proper amounts.

"I shall be glad when we get rid of it," he said, as he replaced the bags. "I am so unused to having such a sum as £70 in the house that I don't feel quite safe with it. It's to be hoped we shall never be rich, Kate. I've been accustomed to £200 a year so long now that I should feel out of my element with a larger income."

When the day was done, and the two children were asleep, they talked of their parish, their church, their home, and their children, and of what a terrible rough night was coming on.

"By-the-bye, was not Sarah to come home to-night?" asked the husband.

"Not till to-morrow; she wanted one more day to see a sailor brother who was coming home. I think, if you don't mind, John, I shall not keep Sarah longer than Christmas. I don't like some of her ways."

"Then, my dear, it's your duty to try and improve them. You took the girl out of charity; don't give her up in a hurry."

"I'm not in a hurry, indeed; it is quite two months since I found her reading a letter of mine, which I left open on the table, and that's not a pleasant habit for a servant to have, is it? I talked to her kindly, but I believe she does the same sort of thing still, when she has the chance."

"Then don't give her the chance, Kate. You never find me leaving *my* letters about" ("Oh, John!"); "or if I do, they are such as are not of the least consequence. As a matter of course, servants are inquisitive, women-servants particularly; their mistresses are not half careful enough in guarding against this natural curiosity, and then all the blame falls on the servant. Women are so unreasonable!"

Disregarding the uncivil comment on her sex, Mrs. Fergusson went on,

"I did not know so well when I engaged Sarah what a bad character her family bore: one brother has been in prison twice."

"All the more reason for keeping this girl safe from evil influence. I hope— Who's that, I wonder?"

A heavy step passed the window, followed by a ring at the hall bell. Mrs. Fergusson opened the study door as Jane, their steady elder servant, passed down the stairs, candle in hand.

"I've been sitting by Miss Rosie, ma'am; she seems feverish like and restless; and I liked being with her better than sittin' all alone in the kitchen."

"I wonder if that's Sarah come home to-night instead of to-morrow," said her mistress.

"Lawk, no, ma'am, not likely," answered Jane; "but we'll soon see who it is;" and pulling away the chain from the door, she opened it, disclosing a man's figure without. He was dripping wet, and had to hold his hat on with one hand, or the wind would have carried it far away; the other hand he extended with a large damp yellow envelope therein. "A telegraft!" cried Jane, taking the missive from him and passing it on to her mistress, who in her turn carried it

to her husband, and watched his face anxiously as he opened and read it. A grave, perplexed look came over his features as he handed is back.

The message was from his brother at Fordham, a place forty miles distant, and ran thus:

"Come immediately—a third bad fit—my father anxiously expects you."

"No help for it, Kate," said Mr. Fergusson, answering his wife's appealing look. "So much may depend on my seeing him once more that I dare not choose but to go. How am I to get to the station, though, in time for the ten-o'clock mail, I wonder? It's nearly nine now, and five miles on such a night as this would take me more than an hour to walk!"

"Walk you can not, John," answered his wife, diverted easily from her first feeling of personal vexation by the dilemma her husband was placed in. "I know," she added, quickly. "The man who brought this message must go back past Mr. Holland's; I will write a note, asking him to send Arnold and their dog-cart up for you. Any thing is better than walking. I know he will do it for you."

Mr. Holland was the clergyman's church-warden and very good friend in all parish matters, and was always ready to do his rector a service, even to the extent of sending out his horse and man on a wet night for a drive of ten miles. Mrs. Fergusson wrote her note hurriedly, while her husband spoke to the telegraph official, who promised to go to Mr. Holland's at once.

When he was gone, Jane stood looking blankly from master to mistress, and then she said, dolefully, "And please, Sir, what's to become of us?"

"Become of you! Why, you will stop and take care of the house, to be sure," said her master, rather shortly. "Just take my thickest great-coat and air it by the kitchen fire, please; and bring me back my boots; we will have the horse up before I am ready if you don't look brisk." Then, closing the study door upon himself and his wife, he added, "But I don't half like leaving you at such a time, and with only one servant, too, and all that money in the house. How awkwardly things happen sometimes!"

He was so heartily concerned, so evidently uneasy, that, as a matter of course, his wife cheered him up by assuming a bright courage that she was far from feeling. She fetched his coat and helped him on with it, and even made him take some supper—a hurried stand-up affair—but any thing, she said, was better than going hungry on a journey; then she found a big umbrella and winter gloves and a thick rug, which, if they got soaked with rain, could come back in the dog-cart; and all these preparations made, she lighted a candle and held out her hand. He understood the gesture.

"God bless them!" he said, and followed her up stairs to where their children slept, to give their little sleeping faces a farewell kiss.

As he stood by their bed he heard the horse coming up to the door—the half hour had passed too quickly; but another thought struck him at the last moment.

"Don't leave that money down stairs all night, Kate; put it in my dressing-room; or, stay, put it in yonder;" and he pointed to a door partly overhung with a curtain. "That's the safest room in the house. Good-by, my darling; I will telegraph in the morning in time for the postman to bring the message. If I'm not back to-morrow, get Allen and his wife to sleep in the house. God bless you! Good-by!"

Another moment and he was gone, and Jane and her mistress looked two very lonely and deserted females indeed, as they stood peering out into the darkness, listening to the receding wheels.

"Come, Jane, this will never do," said her mistress at last, wiping some rain-drops and drops of another nature from her face. "Let us see that all the doors and windows are fast; then you had better get your supper, and we will make haste to bed."

But Jane liked a grievance occasionally, and being a little bit of a coward, she felt bound to make the most of her present situation. She declared, if it were not for leaving her mistress alone, she would go then and there and fetch Mr. Allen, the school-master, up to come and protect them during the night; "for, oh! the awful things she had read in the paper only the week before of lone houses being robbed, and the master beat, and the maid's mouth tied up!" At this her mistress began to laugh.

"I do think, Jane, I must tie *your* mouth, or you will make me nervous. Get your supper, and come and tell me when you are ready for bed."

Then she herself re-entered the study, and sat down to collect her thoughts somewhat after the hurry and turmoil of the last half hour.

This illness of her father-in-law! Would he relent at the last, and let her husband share his property with his other children? Differences arising out of John Fergusson's marriage with a dowerless woman, fomented by petty family jealousies, strengthened by the independent attitude the young man had assumed—such differences had been, after all, the heaviest grief of Mrs. Fergusson's married life. And now she wondered and pondered on them till the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour of ten, and startled her out of her meditations.

"This is the night," she thought, "for winding that time-piece up;" and she sought among the ornaments for the key. In her search she found something she had not expected—this letter, not in an envelope, slipped behind the time-piece, most likely, as soon as read:

"DEAR SIR,—The sum you name in your letter of the 6th—*i. e.* £70—will be remitted to you in the form you request on Monday the 10th inst. The receipt of Mr. Holland will be quite sufficient.

"We beg to remain yours obediently,

"WILLIAM & FREDERICK MATHERS,

"Managers of the Fordham Savings-Bank."

"Oh, John, you careless man!" murmured his wife; "and yet you say you never leave any thing about! This is the 10th; so that's been lying there three days, I suppose. I'm very glad Sarah has been out most of the time!"

"If you please, 'm, I'm going up stairs now as soon as I've cleared these things away," said Jane, entering with a respectfully aggrieved air; "and glad I shall be to get to bed; for what with the night being so rough, and master his goin' off so suddint, I feel all queer like, and as if I had the cold shivers runnin' down the spine of my back."

When the servant left the room Mrs. Fergusson remembered her husband's injunction, took the bags of money from the desk, and carried them to the room he had desired, there locking them securely in a small closet or safe.

This done, she went and stole her youngest-born, Ruth, from her little cot, and carried her off to her own bed. A lingering good-night over her darling Rosie, the six-year-old daughter, whose sweet, tender young face looked wonderfully like her mother's, and soon Kate Fergusson was sleeping by her child, with her husband's likeness under her pillow, and a prayer for his quick return filling even her sleeping thoughts.

II.

It seemed to the mistress of the house that she had slept so long that morning must be near, when she awoke with an inexplicable feeling of fright—a feeling of something, or some one, near her.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up in the bed, and instinctively catching the sleeping child in her arms.

No answer.

Only a distinct sound of breathing, and then of a movement like a hand feeling along the wall—*toward* her!

She began to tremble violently; nothing but the presence of the child on her panting bosom saved her from fainting.

"Who is it?" she cried, her voice so shaking and hollow that it awakened Ruth, who clung to her, sleepy and scared.

This time she had answer.

"We will do you no harm," a voice spoke out of the darkness, "if you give up that money you've got." And then, before Mrs. Fergusson could muster courage and breath to speak, another voice, out of the room apparently, added in a rough under-tone, "And tell her to look sharp about it, too!"

"*Two of them!* O God, help me!" she whispered to herself, and Ruth began to break into screams and sobs.

"Keep that brat quiet," angrily muttered the voice on the landing, "and don't keep us here all night."

Now surely if ever a woman was in a miserable plight, Mrs. Fergusson was that woman. Not a house nearer than the Hollands', a full quarter of a mile off; no soul near to help, for Jane, who worked hard by day, slept hard by night, and slept, moreover, in a queer little room at the very top of the house: all alone—worse than alone, utterly helpless, and a woman who confessed to the usual feminine share of cowardice.

Still she drew her breath, and then there flashed from her heart a cry for help; and then, for a few brief moments, she *thought*—thought with all her mind and soul—was there any way for her out of this?

And her reason told her there was none.

"Come," said the voice in her own room, "*I'm* a good-tempered chap enough, but my mate's in a hurry: don't provoke him. Look alive, and tell us where to find the swag—money!"

She groaned and shook, and all her limbs turned cold. as the voice drew nearer and nearer; and at the *last* words a heavy hand was laid upon the bed. Then, further to torment her, came the thought that once this money were gone, there would be none to meet the people with—the people who had saved it week by week, day by day, all the past year! Heavy drops ran down her shaking form, her hands turned numb, and her lips clammy and cold, while the beating of her heart was like the quick tolling of a bell—louder, louder—till it deafened her.

"I'll find a way to make her speak," growled the second voice. "Here's another kid in the room." Then, in one instant, a thin streak of light shot across the landing, and the next—

"Mother, *mother*, MOTHER!" shrieked Rosie's voice; and at that sound Ruth redoubled her cries, and the unhappy mother sprang up, clasping one child, mad to protect the other.

"Silence, you fool!" said the man by her, speaking harshly for the first time. "You'll drive that fellow yonder to do the child a mischief, if you won't do as I tell you. Keep down, won't you?" For she was struggling wildly to pass him, to get across to the room to Rosie—Rosie, whose cries were sounding strangely stifled. "Look here, if you don't give up this game, by the Lord, he'll knock you on the head, if I don't." And clasping one wrist like a vice, the man held her fast, while with the other hand he turned on the light from a small lantern slung at his side. She lifted her eyes slowly, as fearing whom she might see; but there was little enough visible of the burglar's face—a wide hat, a thick reddish beard, and a loose rough gray coat were all she saw.

"Now," said the man, you're plucky enough for a woman, but I can't waste all the night talking to you;" and then he gave her a look that made her shiver from head to foot anew. "Bundle those two brats of yours into one bed, and come and get us what we want."

She seemed powerless now, and her very soul fainted within her as she crept after the tall dark figure, over the landing, into Rosie's room.

"Oh, my child!" cried the poor woman, and essayed to run to the little bed where lay the small figure, pinned down by the heavy grasp of a taller, darker man than her own captor.

"Hands off, missus," growled the jailer, while Rosie, uttering cries of mingled fright and joy, writhed and twisted like an eel to slip into her mother's arms.

"Hands off now! Just put that other one in here along of this one, and I'll take and turn the key on 'em both, while you take us yonder to what we're lookin' after."

No choice again but to obey; two passionate kisses and a low "God keep you;" and between the two men she was marched from the room, followed by the children's pitiful cries, their wild, frightened sobs.

As she passed out, "May I?" she asked, catching at a shawl which hung over a chair. They assented, shortly, and she wrapped it round her shivering figure, and prepared to take them to where their booty lay. She led them then down the first short flight of stairs to the door which, as we have already said, was partly overhung with a curtain. This door opened into a room which had been used by Mr. Fergusson's predecessor as an oratory. In a deep recess, at the further end, had been placed a small altar, upon which had stood a tall bright crucifix. But now the room was bare and almost empty. The doors—for there were two—fastened with a spring on being pushed to, and could only be opened by a hand accustomed to the task, and they also were furnished with heavy bolts on the outside; one door opened on the landing; the other, a smaller one, in one side of the recess at the further end, led into a bedroom.

Here, as the kitchen clock below struck the hour of three, stood the strange trio—the muffled, disguised men, the trembling, white-faced woman.

But one of them carried a light; the other had left his lantern outside.

"Now," said the darker of the men, "here's the room, you say. We can finish this business pretty quick;" and he added, with a rattling oath to his comrade, that they'd been kept too long by half already.

The small safe, let into the wall, was directly before them; below it four drawers reached down to the floor; in the lower of these, at the back of it, Mrs. Fergusson had laid the key.

She pointed silently to the drawer, which they at once dragged out, with too much strength, for they jerked it quite out on the floor. One of them suddenly turned particular about making a noise, and bade their unwilling helper "shut that door." As she felt the spring catch securely beneath her hand there suddenly flashed upon her a thought—a hope—a way of escape for herself, a way of saving yet that fatal money.

From the look the men had cast around the room, Mrs. Fergusson was sure they knew nothing of their whereabouts.

"Shut that door!" the man had said, and never so much as cast a look toward where was the other door, completely concealed in the shadow of the recess.

Every pulse beating wildly, she glanced furtively across the room. Through the tall, narrow, church-like window yonder she could see the moon struggling through thick clouds, and she could see—her sight quickened by the peril of the moment—she could see a faint thread of light on one side, which told her that the further door stood unlatched.

"Oh, Heaven help me, and give me time!" she prayed; but her hand shook so that it could scarcely obey her swift thought. Another moment, and she took in her exact position—the men stooping over the keys, the lamp on the floor—and the next she had flung her shawl over the lamp, darted across the floor, out into the room beyond, and flung to the door with all her force.

Yet more to be done. She drew the bolts with frenzied speed, above, below—that way was safe; then, with the passionate strength of the moment, she sped through the room, out on the landing to the curtained door, and made that fast from without, while the furious captives beat at it from within; and then—ah, then, poor thing, her fortitude forsook her, and a thousand fears she had not counted on most cruelly beset her.

The frightful oaths and curses that reached her as she leaned panting by the wall filled her with horror; the heavy blows upon the panels filled her with dismay. They would escape yet. Her children—on them they would wreak their vengeance. At the thought her cries and tears broke forth. "They will die, and I shall have killed them!" she cried out; and then blindly reaching forth to feel her way back to their room, all sight, sense, sound, seemed suddenly to desert her. She slid down a few stairs, clinging to the rail; then, losing her hold, fell heavily on the stone floor of the hall below.

Mr. Fergusson had reached his nearest station in safety, had sent back the wraps his careful wife had guarded him with, and started by the ten-o'clock train to Fordham.

The rain beat on the windows as the train flew along in the darkness, and presently a prolonged whistle told him they were approaching a certain junction where he would have to wait some ten minutes or so.

Two or three lamps on the platform by which they drew up showed some few passengers and a couple of sleepy porters. Another train had just come in from the opposite direction, from Fordham, now only fifteen miles distant; and some of its passengers had alighted and were making their way past the line of carriages.

Looking out upon his fellow-travelers, without much curiosity or interest, Mr. Fergusson caught sight of a face which he had little expected to see. Shouting to a porter to open the door of his compartment, he sprang out and grasped the arm of a man very much like himself—in fact, his own elder brother.

"George," he exclaimed, "were you going for me? Is my father worse?"

"What on earth do you mean, and wherever did you spring from?" was the answer he got, accompanied by a look of profound amazement. "Why, man alive, have you gone crazy, that you stand staring at me so?" And George Fergusson checked a disposition to laugh at his brother's bewildered expression only when he saw the pallor that overspread his face.

"Oh, George," he said, with a gasp, "did you not telegraph to me this evening that my father had had another fit?"

"Most certainly I did not."

"Oh, my wife, my wife!" said the clergyman; and then he staggered up to a heap of luggage and sat down and hid his face in his hands. His brother saw the matter was serious; so he let his own train pass on without resuming his journey, and was soon in possession of all the explanation John Fergusson could give him.

"Porter," he asked, "what time does the night-mail go through to Wheelborough?"

"One-twenty-five, Sir," answered the man; "reach Wheelborough two-fifteen."

The distance was five-and-twenty miles; the present time a quarter, or, by the time the explanation was ended, half past eleven.

"No help for it, John; we must wait for the down train; we couldn't pick up a horse, nor yet a pair, that would be ready to start at this time of night and get us to Wheelborough before a quarter past two. Come, old fellow, cheer up; it's no use taking for granted every thing you dread!"

But George Fergusson thought in his own mind that matters looked black enough to justify any amount of fears, and had hard work to find hopeful talk for the next two hours. Had it not been for the manifest absurdity of the thing, his brother would have started for his home on foot even. To his excited, restless mind the minutes dragged wearily along, while to his heavy heart every moment added a fresh fear.

At last the shrill whistle, the glaring lights creeping nearer and nearer, the minute's stoppage, and then off again homeward—*homeward!*—and he began to dread the moment he longed for.

At Wheelborough more time would have been occupied in knocking up the hotel people and seeking a conveyance than would have been gained had they chanced to find a horse. So the two brothers struck out at once from the station on their five-mile walk; and, as they left the further outskirts of the town, the church clock chimed half past two o'clock.

George Fergusson could barely keep up with his brother's rapid stride, and thought him half crazy with excitement when he saw him lightly leap a ditch, and start running across a broken piece of heath.

"For Heaven's sake, man, stop!" he cried. "What are you after?"

"A short-cut!" shouted the other, and kept up running well for nearly three-quarters of a mile.

The night had quieted, the rain had ceased, and gleams of moonlight showed them their way. Out on the road again, past the fourth mile-stone, past a cottage where a shrill cuckoo clock sang "three;" then up a long hill that took what little breath they had left out of them, through the sleeping village, and—

"George," cried the rector, pointing to his own house, not a stone's-throw distant, "look at that light!" And through the long narrow window of the oratory a light shone plainly.

"Good God, if we are too late!"

The brothers scarcely knew how they covered the short remaining distance. A blow at the hall window, and their united force at the shutters within, and they made good their entrance, to see—Kate Fergusson lying senseless on the floor, to hear the wailing and crying of children overhead, and a strange sound of low voices whispering and hands cutting away at wood-work.

Late indeed they were, but not too late. An out-door bell, set clanging, soon called ready help from the village; while Jane, already roused by the sounds, but too frightened to venture from her room alone, busied herself over her unconscious mistress.

The captives in the oratory fought like cats, and one of them gave George Fergusson a bite in the arm the mark of which he will carry as long as he lives. That was "Rough Dick." "Gentleman Jim" turned sullen, and submitted to the force of numbers at the last with a better grace.

The gang to which the two thieves belonged had received all their information from Sarah's brother, who was a sort of hanger-on to their brotherhood, and to whom had been intrusted the sending of the lying telegram which had so comfortably disposed of the master of the house.

"All's well," they say, "that ends well;" and our tale is no exception to the proverb. It was rather a long getting well, though, in the case of Mrs. Fergusson; still she was her own brave-hearted self again by Christmas-time; and—take note of this, all wives—*never* did she show her husband the letter she had found; never did she tell him, or any one else, that his own bit of carelessness had probably supplied the "correct time" to the intruders.

Rosie and Ruth were none the worse for their fright, but used to play at "robbers" with great spirit all though the winter and spring.

And for a piece of happiness to end with, though Mr. Fergusson the elder did not have a fit and die, he did have a fit of another kind—of repentance for his prejudice against his daughter-in-law; so he made reparation by a very handsome increase to their income. And as for the rector, after the wild joy of having his wife safe again, he declares his "courting days" have all returned.